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## Notes of the Week

NOTHING that pomp and ceremony could provide was lacking to remind members of Parliament, at the formal opening by His Majesty on Tuesday last, of the noble and tremendous traditions that are enshrined in its constitution. The first three days were but a prelude, listened to with ill-disguised impatience by some, to the grand business of dismounting the Conservative Premier and hoisting Mr. Ramsay MacDonald into the saddle. Government, that much-enduring steed, has need to be a little hard-mouthed nowadays, when one inexperienced rider after another hangs on by the reins; but he is a trusty animal, and will go on at his own pace, although, like the Irish hunter, he will be "apt to shake a couple or three bucks out of himself" before he convinces a Labour Cabinet that the ash-plant of Socialism is an unsuitable instrument with which to encourage him.

### HARRIET AND THE MATCHES

The gloomy cries of the Fusionists have accompanied the proceedings throughout. They persist in regarding labour as a kind of Harriet with the matches of power:

Miaou, miaow,  
You'll burn to death if you do so!

But nothing need burn, provided the Conservatives keep their heads and address themselves to their true function in opposition, and prepare some such excellent programme as might be based on the King's Speech. For Conservatism there is both a present and a future sphere; for Liberalism there is neither—only the inglorious function of sitting on the hedge and jumping down alternately on one side or the other. At each jump some of the Party will be left permanently with Socialism or with Conservatism, until the two great Parties of the future define themselves, and the true issue, to which the present confusion is but a noisy overture, is joined.

### THE KING'S SPEECH

Absolute straightforwardness may sometimes be as baffling to opponents as the subtlest diplomacy, and a

Conservative statesmanship rather notoriously lacking in finesse has produced a King's Speech to which the Opposition can take exception on scarcely any ground but that of its authorship. It has been described in hostile quarters as borrowing its ideas from the Opposition, yet it contains nothing discordant with Conservative principles, or with the declarations of Ministers before the election. It announces measures which cannot, indeed, be taken by its authors, but which their successors will neglect only to their own peril, and which in all probability they will be forced to take if they remain under sane leadership. The Speech, in fact, has left the Opposition few alternatives but those from which Liberalism must recoil, and which Labour cannot adopt without discarding its reputable elements.

### THE DEPUTY SPEAKERSHIP

On ceremonial occasions in the new Parliament Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have marched as a pair, and conversed genially, but only, it would appear, on such neutral topics as the weather. At any rate, they proved incapable of coming to any understanding about the Deputy-Speakership, a position the filling of which is not the sort of question on which the doomed Ministry need have been obstinate. The dispute over it strikes us as petty. Why, then, comment on it? Because under present conditions we must deplore every indication of a tendency to assert party claims in non-essentials. It is a time for give-and-take in everything but those matters on which no compromise is possible. That we may say from a broad national point of view. From the point of view of the party which we support it is a time for avoiding slaps in the face when nothing can be gained by enduring them.

### A NOTE OF WARNING

A most important letter from Dr. Arthur Shadwell appeared in *The Times* last Saturday. Amid the alarmist clamour of the Panic Press, and those who believe that the advent of a Labour Government means the end of the world, this grave and considered note of warning is likely to receive less attention than it deserves. Doctor Shadwell has some title to be heard

when he ventures on prophecy, for ten years ago he forecast with complete accuracy the main trend of world events as well as of English politics. And it is not by guessing, but by thinking, that he has come to the conclusion that the real future danger lies, not in the advent of a Labour Government, but in the probable conduct of the next General Election. We had foretastes, in one or two constituencies, of what the Socialist rowdies considered justifiable means of preventing the election of a candidate of whom they did not approve. Doctor Shadwell foresees a possibly great extension of that mob method on the part of extremists in the Labour party who may consider that they are being robbed and cheated of everything that has been promised them. It is a matter which should be carefully weighed by every political leader, and especially by Mr. MacDonald.

#### THE RAILWAY CRISIS

There have been moments during the last few days when the nation seemed likely to pay dearly for the privilege of owning as sons both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bromley. A strike of railway locomotive engine-drivers and firemen has been "secretly" called for Sunday midnight. Mr. Bromley is no doubt a man with many fine principles, but the one that seems most frequently and vigorously to actuate him is that he must always show his independence of Mr. Thomas. In railway disputes he is in a strong position, for by calling out his 59,000 members he can disorganize the services whatever the N.U.R. may do, and at the present time he has a fairly plausible case. But there cannot be any doubt that Mr. Thomas has taken morally safe ground in insisting on the sanctity of agreements. To his moral advantage is added now a political advantage. Labour does not wish its advent to Ministerial power to be signalized by a great strike.

#### THE RURAL PARTY

We have had an opportunity since last week of examining more closely the tenets of the new-born Rural Party. With any party which has for its object the improvement of conditions in the shamefully neglected and bungled industry of agriculture we should have considerable sympathy; and the Rural Party has several aims which will have our complete support. Betterment of the agricultural labourer's lot, credit to encourage smallholdings, subsidiary industries and co-operative bakeries, etc., and the establishment of a land bank with interest guaranteed by the State, are admirable and necessary schemes. We have encouraging reports of a co-operative bakery in Norfolk which made possible a reduction of from 1d. to 1d. per loaf.

#### AGRICULTURAL IMPORTS

Increase of co-operation should produce a desirable decrease in the influence of the middleman. Another plank in the Party's programme is security in the British market for home producers by "control of imports." "Control of imports" is a vague phrase upon which we have sought elucidation; it may, we gather, have to be effected by a measure of Protection, or perhaps by prohibition of imports beyond a given limit. The Party is unequivocally opposed to the importation of Canadian or other "store" cattle, on the grounds of inferiority and the danger of disease. These are not new arguments. The encouragement of profiteering in so-called "home-killed" meat, to which it is alleged to lead, is, however, a serious matter which should be thoroughly investigated. The Rural Party might do worse than initiate its services to agriculture by instituting inquiries in this direction.

#### THE LINLITHGOW REPORT

The final Report, issued late last week, of the Linlithgow Committee on food production and prices, has rather been lost sight of amid purely political preoccupations; but it is of the greatest interest and importance to the majority of the nation, for it deals with a sub-

ject of vital concern. This Report states, even more bluntly than did the former Reports, that the "spread" or difference between the prices received by the producer and those paid by the consumer is unjustifiable. In other words, the middleman, and all included in that category, are profiteering. It is an ugly word, but it is the right one. The situation is clear, and the question is how to deal with it. No party in the State denies that we ought to have all the home-grown food that is possible. The Report discloses the reason why less home-grown food is available than there should be: it is made artificially dear. Opposed as we are to Government interference in trade, still surely here is a matter that, failing other means, calls for the intervention of Parliament. Will Mr. Ramsay MacDonald "tackle" it?

#### THE REICH AND THE RUHR

For several days this week Paris, and, indeed, the whole of France, forgot reparations, the Ruhr, and the Rhineland in their deep concern because of the fall of the franc, which, for the time at any rate, was something more personal and intimate than even the quarrel with Germany. All sorts of fantastic reasons were given for the depreciation of the currency, but the right one emerged, as it was bound to do, and French taxation is to be definitely increased in order that the Budget may balance. For the rest, M. Poincaré replied to the German Note in what seemed the old uncompromising way, but he has let it be known that some further concessions may be granted—not so much to help the Reich, of course, as to assist in restoring the productivity of the Ruhr. The most hopeful sign is to be seen in the fact that the Expert Committees have got to work, and that they evidently mean business.

#### FRANCE AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE

Fresh from the Little Entente Conference at Belgrade, M. Benes, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, is in London as we write, and is no doubt explaining to the Foreign Office the exact bearings of the draft Franco-Czech treaty, of which there has been so much criticism in this country. The official accounts of the Conference record, as is usual in such cases, complete agreement, but according to other accounts Rumania refused to enter into a binding alliance with France, and the consideration of relations with Soviet Russia had to be postponed to another conference, which is to take place in the summer. Owing to the delay of the arrival of the Rumanian Foreign Minister at Belgrade the conference was a somewhat hurried affair, but, besides the Rumanian action just noted, it was also important, as the Yugo-Slav Foreign Minister revealed the fact that his country had made an alliance with Italy, and this should be read along with the Rumanian declaration. It seems fairly obvious that France is not getting all her own way with the Little Entente.

#### THE SEPARATISTS

In his lucid review in the House of Commons of the situation as between England and France, Mr. Ronald M'Neill gave a spirited vindication of the policy of the Government in general and of its action with respect to the Separatist movements in the Rhineland and the Bavarian Palatinate in particular. His avowal that the movement in the Rhineland was obviously spurious, as it had come to nothing, is the exact truth. The movement in the Palatinate had at first the appearance of being genuine, but as it developed it also excited the suspicion that it was of the same character as that in the Rhineland. The Government, therefore, had sent Mr. Clive, Consul-General at Munich, to investigate and report. So Mr. M'Neill. France objects, or at least insists on Mr. Clive being accompanied by a French official. Yet surely if the movement is genuine, France should welcome the fullest inquiry. France has been permitted to have as many "inquirers" in the Cologne area as she pleased.



## A NEW GERMAN ENTERPRISE

Germany can afford everything except the meeting of her obligations. We notice among recent German enterprises the establishment of a subsidized steamship service to the great Mesopotamian port. Germany has no old and legitimate trade interests in that part of the world, and she can acquire business there only at the cost of Great Britain. Under the conditions of poverty she pleads, she ought to be incapable of undertaking an enterprise so unlikely to be remunerative as to need a subsidy. And if she does undertake it there ought to be some means of checking her. Practically this Mesopotamian effort may be of no great importance, but it is offensive, and if it evokes no practical protest it will in its degree encourage the Germans to behave like the fraudulent bankrupt who increases his possessions after declaring that he has not a penny.

## OUR INTERESTS IN EGYPT

As was generally anticipated, the Egyptian elections have given an overwhelming majority to Zaghlul Pasha, his opponents being almost wiped out. He has issued a manifesto in which he states that Egypt is united in demanding complete independence, which means, we presume, that his aim is the determination according to his views of the four subjects that were "reserved" when Britain cancelled the protectorate. But these subjects, which include the adequate protection of the Suez Canal and the status of the Sudan, are vital British interests. What is to be the upshot? This question acquires additional gravity when a Labour Government is coming into office—so far Labour has sympathized with Zaghlul. Is Egypt to be thrown away altogether? We cannot, and do not, believe it; for neither England nor the Empire is in a position to disinterest itself in this most important matter.

## AUSTRALIA AND SINGAPORE

It may be thought that Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister, was going rather too far when, speaking on Tuesday at a dinner given to him at the Hotel Cecil by the Australian Natives' Association, he declared that the failure to build the new naval base at Singapore would involve the abdication by Britain of her naval power in the Pacific. But he made it perfectly clear once more that Australia—for in this matter he speaks for all parties in the Commonwealth—believes that the Singapore base is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of peace and for the security of the great trade routes. This, too, is our firm belief. As we said the other day, the problem of the Pacific has not been solved; it is not acute at the moment, but it is ever-present, and advantage should be taken of the opportunity to strengthen the position of the Empire in that area. Other Powers are not idle. France has just completed direct wireless communication with Indo-China by building a great station at Saigon, her port on the South China Sea, and now in touch with the great station at Bordeaux.

## OUR RELATIONS WITH GREECE

As Greece has now a regular Government with M. Venizelos as Prime Minister, our Government has lost no time in resuming full diplomatic relations with that country. It will be recalled that such relations were broken off in November, 1922, as a protest against the execution of M. Gounaris and other Ministers by the Revolutionary Committee, which maintained itself in power until the other day. That organization has now disappeared, and the action of our Government should strengthen the hands of M. Venizelos in his great task of giving stability and prosperity to Greece. He has made a good beginning, and though he is scarcely likely to be able to swing the extremists into line, he certainly seems to have the vast majority of the Greeks behind him. He deserves success, and it seems that he may get it before long. That will be a happy thing for Greece, and a good omen for Europe.

## THE FIUME AGREEMENT

Although the terms of the agreement which has been reached by Italy and Yugo-Slavia regarding Fiume are in the nature of a surprise, there can be nothing but satisfaction that the result is the elimination of another of the danger spots of Europe. Fiume and a narrow strip of coast running north of it become definitely annexed to Italy, while the remainder of the district in dispute becomes definitely a part of Yugo-Slavia. There may be some trouble in connexion with the delimitation of the actual frontiers, but the agreement, as published, indicates so friendly a feeling between the two contracting parties as to suggest that friction will be reduced to a minimum. It is a great thing for the peace of South-Eastern Europe that Signor Mussolini and M. Paschitch, till recently apparently irreconcilable on this question, have buried their differences in so complete an accord.

## POLITICAL CRIME IN INDIA

An Indian seditionist with an imperfect memory for faces has murdered an inconspicuous European in Calcutta in the belief that he was shooting an official. The very natural outcry must not persuade us that India is in a worse state than it was before this dastardly outrage. The danger there is not that of a campaign of assassination, but that of the muddling away of perhaps the most wonderful administrative system the world has known. Crime with a political motive distracts attention from an erosion of authority far more serious than any violent attack on individual administrators. There were murders before the reforms, for example those of Mr. Jackson in Western and Mr. Ashe in Southern India; there will be murders no matter how far the constitutional experiment is carried. But it is not gunmen we have to fear in India; it is placemen, thrust into office as being "moderate" Indians, but quite incapable of administering the affairs of their fellow-countrymen.

## L.24

The loss of the submarine L 24, with more than her complement aboard, is a further instalment of that toll exacted from the British Navy as the price of preparedness. When we pay tribute to those who perished in her we pay tribute to the whole Navy, who by constant exercise and manœuvre under all conditions are alone able to achieve that efficiency which is necessary to national security. Were the Service to be only a fair weather force in time of peace it would soon become a defeated force under the inexorable circumstances of war. In the truest sense the crew of the L 24 died for their country.

## CELLARS FOR THE NEW POOR

A senseless snobbery inspires almost all the advice to be found in print about the care of wine. It is assumed that the inquirer enjoys possession of elaborate underground cellars planned by experts, whereas most likely all the accommodation he has is a cupboard or two in a flat. Let not the humble lover of good wine despair. Much can be done even with such a cupboard by placing in it, one on top of the other, two of those cheap wood and iron bins which hold twelve dozen bottles each. Let the cupboard, however, be far removed from the kitchen and from radiators. Let it also be well away from the stairs, if they be of wood and likely to send vibrations through the wine. Keep nothing but wine in it; the housemaid's notion that wine improves by having vinegar next door to it is mistaken. Use a wine merchant's corkscrew instead of the ironmonger's for drawing the cork; keep nippers for old-corked bottles; and see that decanters are cleaned by the use of chilled shot, and that no wine, except sherry or Madeira, is left over in a decanter from one day to another.

## EDUCATION AND ITS PRICE

"**W**HETHER the existence of a class of cultivated persons in the country is worth what it may cost to obtain is a question for the public. If there be no want of such cultivation and no use for it, there is an end of the matter, but if such a cultivated class is required as contributing to the credit or well-being of the nation, money must be spent in order to get it."\* So wrote a Cambridge don, who was both a personality and a power in his time and a bigger man than his circle realized, nearly fifty years ago; and his words have lost none of their force. It is still a question for the public whether on balance it is worth while spending what is necessary to produce and keep up a class of cultivated persons. It is a question the British public has never faced, and naturally has never answered. It has not even realized that education need be paid for. Conceivably one could do without education, but you cannot have it without paying for it. In turn the public is indignant now at the large amount spent on education, then at the small amount spent upon it. One time it talks much and volubly about the fearful waste of money spent on schools; on the bad value we get for it; on the absurdity of over-educating the people and unfitting them for practical work. At another time it is lecturing the country, which is itself, on its niggardly attitude to everything intellectual; its failure to realize that education is a national investment; its indifference to the educational advance of other countries, our competitors, compared with ourselves. Naturally, the effect of these periodic outbursts is nil. Nobody marks them. Why should anyone? There is obviously no thought behind them nor any attempt, even if there is any desire, seriously to grapple with the problem. It is a grave handicap to this country that no one really thinks about education except those who are professionally engaged, or at any rate professionally concerned in it, and a few amateurs who are styled or style themselves educationists. These are often cranks, and tend to prejudice the public against the whole business. Yet but for them there would be no independent thought about education at all. The politician counts for nothing in this matter, or, rather, it would be a good thing if he did count for nothing. To him education is a counter in a game, though, of course, it may be something more. Even if it is, he will approach the subject from a party standpoint. An independent attitude as to education cannot be got from any politician. If he represents the middle classes he will always emphasize the need for keeping down expenditure; if he sits for a democratic constituency he will be all for spending lavishly on the elementary schools. He seldom has any educational views of his own at all, and never a policy.

Of professional opinion we have plenty; perhaps a little more than enough. Truly the teacher is always with us, and indeed should be, seeing that he, or rather she, is vital to the well-being of the nation and, for that matter, of the world. There can be only one more important person—the parent. But really the teachers would be taken more seriously and their words would carry more weight if they talked rather less, or, shall we say, less in public? Look at the papers just recently; day after day they were filled with speeches by teachers. No doubt there were many very sensible things said and some valuable things; but all this happens every year—two or three times a year. The heart faints at the idea of settling down to tackle such a mass of solid stuff. Most of it may be true, but it certainly is not new, it is difficult to realize that it matters, though it does. Comparison of notes, conference in the proper sense, by teachers may well be helpful professionally, but could it not be done privately? Why publish to the world what is not the world's business? But the proceedings at these meetings are not usually anything

at all in the way of true conference: they are made up of set speeches, not infrequently tinged with party politics. It can do no teacher any good to listen to them, and none but a professional teacher ever does listen to them. Instead of attending these meetings in their holidays teachers should get as far as possible away from professional surroundings. Let him or her think of himself as a man or woman rather than as a pedagogue, and it will be all the better for the boys and girls as well as for the teacher.

One unfortunate result of the character of these eternal conferences is that they give no help to the formation of a sane public opinion on education: which is very much wanted. As Lathom said so many years ago, do we want a class of cultivated persons or not? If we do, do we realize that it must be paid for? Are we willing to pay for it? Can we afford to pay for it? Perhaps a "class of cultivated persons" is too narrow an objective for us in these days. Let us say rather a "well educated people." This is no doubt a vague and very elastic phrase, which is partly in its favour. A good education can hardly be mechanically measured, but as there must be some sort of norm the standard of the ordinary county secondary school may be taken as an objective. Put aside higher education altogether. Do we aim at raising the people to the level of the secondary school? It would be a big rise, and would take a long time to accomplish. Probably few have any idea how small a proportion of the children of this country are in schools of as high a standard as the ordinary secondary school. But it would at any rate be a policy. We should know to what we were working and could estimate financially. We should know that we must be willing to spend so much or abandon our objective. It should make an end of the sheer folly of continually spending large sums not large enough to buy what we are asking for. Such expenditure is almost wholly waste. The primary point for the public to get into its mind is that education can not be had cheaply. It does not necessarily follow that we ought to spend huge sums on education. Maybe it is beyond our means to educate the whole country really well. In that case we must change our orientation. Having agreed on a limit to our spending power, we should have to consider how we could get the best educational product from the money available. But any way let us know where we are and whither we wish to go. Either to spend indefinitely with Labour or to cut down expenditure indefinitely with the Conservatives is futile. Too little expenditure means the utter waste of all that is spent; too much means a grandiose plan left half-erected by a bankrupt builder.

## LATTER-DAY LIBERALISM

**I**F those professed Conservatives who are so anxious for their leaders to make terms with Mr. Asquith, as a means of preventing Socialism from getting hold of the reins of government, could only be persuaded to exercise a little self-control and hold their peace, the task of those leaders would be made easier, and the ultimate success of Conservative policy made surer and brought nearer. The Conservative Party seems fated to be plagued with stupid, though perhaps well-meaning "fidgets," everlastingly moaning and whining for support from non-Conservatives, who only laugh and chuckle and make all the capital they can out of such silliness. If Conservatives will simply stand firm, be true to their principles and their duly elected leaders, and attend to propaganda work, there is nothing whatever to fear. We live in a neurotic age, and the stampeding of voters, such as the country has just witnessed, can only be prevented by quiet, firm, honest, and persistent education of the poorer classes of voters in sound political and economic principles. The two outstanding impressions made during the recent election were (a) the tremendous effect produced by Mr. Baldwin's obvious honesty upon all classes of the electorate, and (b) the frightening of

\* 'The Action of Examinations,' by Henry Lathom, 1877, p. 406.



the womenfolk by the dear food "stunt." The first will remain—a permanent asset of Conservatism; the second, if turned to proper and effective use, will help to end that cult of latter-day Liberalism from which this unhappy country has endured so much during the last twenty years. For it is to latter-day Liberalism that we are wholly indebted for the present Socialist menace. The old-time Liberalism of Gladstone, Bright, Morley, Rosebery, Harcourt, Mundella—not to mention that of Chamberlain, Hartington, James, and others, who, as Liberal-Unionists, retained their Liberal principles to the end—that old-time Liberalism died and was buried in 1905. In that year the Temple was ransacked for briefless barristers, and the Universities were searched for "clever" young men of glib tongue to carry the Chinese Slavery lie into every constituency throughout the land. The new—the latter-day—"Liberalism" had come to exploit the public service as a means of livelihood and profiteering. And very effectively has it been done—but at what cost to the nation and the Empire!

At that time there was no Socialist Party worth speaking of. That which exists to-day is in substance Lloyd-Georgian Radicalism deserted by its progenitors, who, having secured the fortune and the eminence they set out for, are now intent (still under the guise of "Liberalism") upon the salvation of a financial and commercial plutocracy that, by their assistance, has been substituting itself for that honourable and patriotic middle-class which was (and happily still largely is) the mainstay of our public service and the sponsor of British tradition all over the world. The £400 a year set going by Mr. Asquith for the benefit of his own needy followers in Parliament (and not, as was humorously suggested, for the benefit of working-men M.P.s) has had one effect its authors hardly expected, in that it has helped the Socialist Party to become firmly established. The enormous growth of bureaucracy engineered by Mr. Lloyd George before, during, and since the War has also aided the same development by attracting attention to the prospect of comparative affluence and ease and social advancement which the profession of political philanthropy seems to hold out. In trying to save itself from extinction by the recent attempt to revive "Liberalism" upon a joint basis, the Party led by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George has, in spite of all protestation to the contrary, been intriguing with Socialism; but it has been done craftily and *sub rosa*—not by open negotiation. There are numerous examples to be seen in the records of the recent elections where the return of a Conservative in a straight fight with Socialism has been marred by the introduction of a Free-Trade candidate, and *per contra* there are not a few examples to be found where the introduction of a third candidate (either Liberal or Socialist, as the case might be) would in all probability have let the Conservative in, but no third candidate appeared on this occasion, though he did last time.

The truth is—and the sooner the Conservative Party realizes this and acts upon it the better—that Socialism and latter-day Liberalism are descended from the same stock. The time is not far distant when political conflict in this country will lie between Nationalism and Internationalism. Between these two this so-called "Liberalism," which to-day has nothing but its own selfish ends to justify its existence, will disappear automatically. Anything that remains of good in it by that time will coalesce of its own accord with Conservatism to save the Constitution and the State. The rest will find its way into its natural channel in the other direction.

Let Conservatives, therefore, hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering. What is wanted at the moment is not so much more Conservatives as *stauncher* Conservatives, with more shrewdness in dealing with the electioneering tactics of those who have not the same scruples in regard to truth and honesty as themselves.

## ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

EVERY newspaper possesses a "cemetery." Doubtless the present reader is lying there, one paragraph, two paragraphs, one column—who knows how large? His qualities are catalogued, an odd defect or two hinted at—for this is our modern method—a *précis* of his life and work awaits his death. The obituary columns of newspapers are not written by personal friends, as many suppose, but by unbiassed, professional journalists who deny themselves the luxury of preference, whose business it is to chronicle the way this or that eminent man or woman has realized himself in the narrow scene of one life history, no more, no less. An "appreciation" may follow a day or two later "from a correspondent," which may be literature and may be rampant emotionalism, but which will not reflect on the newspaper staff, who are the friendly servants of a nation trained dimly to realize the many-sidedness of that rough diamond man. There are, however, exceptions, for there is no such thing as absolute impersonality. Men in the aggregate are persons, and persons must be personal. When a distinguished critic dies, a journal has a right to be personal, especially when that critic has often worn the editorial mask for many years, as Clutton-Brock wore that of *The Times* in third leaders and art criticism, and in wearing that mask changed it for the better whenever he wore it, to leave it at his death permanently changed. He was a godsend to *The Times* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, and as the obituary notice on January 9 in that journal stated, "his criticism of literature and art not only revealed his intense, direct enjoyment, but was backed by clear and resolute thinking, impatient of convention and of pretence."

We can judge a man by his heroes. Clutton-Brock had many, like all big men. Shelley, Jane Austen (whom he re-read entirely, and with redoubled enthusiasm during the last few weeks of his life) in literature, Tiepolo and Titian in painting, and Mozart in music he delighted to extol. Of Chinese poets, he said, "Like Mozart, they give us the folk-song of a philosopher"; his own prose was like that. Learning he betrayed, but never displayed; in his hands the heavy editorial "we" became the human "we," and his prose was, at the same time, the echo and the essence of his best talk.

"If Christ came into the room now we shouldn't know Him," a cynic once remarked in his presence. Brock replied instantly, "No, but when He had gone we should say, 'What a charming man that was.'" He had the modesty of a man who understands the immensity of his subject, and above all things hated the modern tendency to explain the great spiritual human passions in terms of the physical. To explain away the song of man or the song of the nightingale in terms of sex or instinct was to him an impertinence akin to blasphemy. In fact, on one occasion, after a lecture in which he had observed that we ought not to venture to account for a bird's song, one of those obstructionists who come, as Clutton-Brock used to say, with false preconceptions no truth could shake, stood up to ask a question. He was one of those little, mild and dewy men with a surprising courage in asking questions at meetings, and he wanted to know why the nightingale did sing if it did not sing to attract the female. Brock's answer was characteristic. "I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "Do you sing to attract the female?" After another of his lectures, during "question time" a woman got up not to ask a question, but to make a statement, which culminated with the words, "all living things are beautiful." Brock remarked, "That may be true, but I confess that I sometimes doubt it . . . there is, for example, the wart-hog."

Religion, gardening, poetry, music, painting make a full enough wallet for any critic. Clutton-Brock's passion for each was equal to his knowledge of each,

and that extensive. He did not pass through phases of action and reaction like an artist; his function was a new philosophy, that of a "doctrine of values," as he named it. With so many strings he could play many tunes. Each was an avenue to the one goal, to which he constantly referred in his two major works, 'The Ultimate Belief' and 'What is the Kingdom of Heaven?' Art he treated as a means, never as an end; a relative means of reaction to the absolute end of life. His essay on the passionate failure of art was germane to this idea of temporal reactions in form, "a terrene form, a terrene use," as Mr. Gordon Bottomley said of poetry. Poetry Clutton-Brock called "Truth as applied to human life and experience, and revealed in terms of beauty"; and the reason for its creation largely the "subconscious desire to intensify our feeling by evoking an echo of it in another mind." His philosophy of the æsthetic was large and comprehensive, and above the petty quibblings of technicians. "To a great poet morality is a fact of experience, like a sunset, philosophy and science are else incomplete," he wrote in some ephemeral article—may these be rescued from the files and published in a more permanent form. He never interrupted the undulating flow of his prose with jewelled phrases or facetious asides. He was never personal or petty. So restrained was his manner that he could never have been tempted to practise the art of being conspicuous in letters, yet every line he printed was so individual as to be unmistakable. He let his light shine before all men because he could not conceal it, and our loss is incalculable.

#### FROM AN OLD GENTLEMAN TO HIS WARD

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON

*Old Fogeys' Club, St. James's Street*

MY DEAR BOY,—It is possible enough that you may be astonished, together with your admirable mother, that in any of the little hints which I have ventured—left as your guardian, by the unfortunate decease of my poor brother, your father—to address to you, I have never hitherto said anything on the subject of the style of manner which it appears to me most advisable that a young man should endeavour to acquire. The reason for which I have refrained from doing so is, I will not say the good, but, as it has seemed to me, the sufficient one, that I did not conceive it likely that you would take the slightest notice of such a suggestion, were I to make it. It is not easy—it is perhaps but one out of a hundred who is able to do so—for a young man to derive advantage from the counsel of the old. I may add that the one exception is generally a confoundedly conceited, disagreeable fellow, within dangerous distance of becoming a confirmed prig. I am happy to say that I have never observed, on your part, any such unnatural anxiety to be guided by my counsels as would dispose me to imagine that there was a likelihood of your developing these undesirable qualities.

Manner, or manners, is essentially one of those acquired habits of man which changes with the times. The manner, especially admired in his own day, of your own great-grandfather, and my grandfather, whom I can dimly remember, was such as would make a man supremely ridiculous—I am by no means confident that it would not insure his inclusion within the walls of a lunatic asylum—to-day. It was his custom to assert, I believe with some justice, that he had "the best left leg in Bond Street." The right, as you may have heard, had suffered injury from a musket ball in the French wars. By the fair sex he was, however, regarded with none the less favour on that account, and his manners, according to the style of his time, were irreproachable, and by many were extolled as the very "glass of fashion." Manners, as I have observed already, are matters of their day. In the course of a

life of not inconsiderable length and experience, I have been able to observe a striking alteration in them.

While man, in his morals, which are part of his essential nature, remains unchanged, his manners, which are but a superficial, although by no means unimportant, veneer, are modified from age to age. To my own eye, trained in the more ceremonious model of my youth, it appears as if the modern young man were without a manner, or, if he have aught which can be regarded as a manner at all, that the essential quality of that manner is its mannerlessness. In the society which is called "smart," this appears to be the style which is most generally admired. It is, assuredly, the style which is most in vogue. The point which appears to me of greatest consequence in a man's manner, be it the manner of the latter end of the eighteenth century or of the early years of the twentieth, is that it should be his own. This is an observation which I would ask you to take in its proper sense. I do not make it under the impression that a man has his manner bestowed on him at birth, like the colour of his hair, or the shape (often lamentable) of his ear. I would have you understand me to imply no more than that the manner should, at every moment, appear natural and unstudied—the day of studied manners has passed, with the day of "legs" in Bond Street—but it will be, for all that, an acquired manner. It is a point which I need not elaborate. An infant in its cradle exhibits many of the worst vices, with a sad lack of control, of the grown man; but it has no manners. As infants, I have no doubt that you and your great-grandfather (long before the injury to his less good leg) were of very similar manners, though in later life the difference, could the comparison be made, would seem remarkable.

You will not misapprehend nor resent my meaning when I say that in those days you and your contemporaries would have been regarded as the worst of bores. The acquirement, however, of manner is far more a matter of unconscious study and of involuntary imitation than of deliberate intention. A man can hardly, if he would, fail to acquire and to reflect the tone of the intimates with whom he has been brought up. In general, during youth, that tone is taken from those who are slightly, but not greatly, older than ourselves. Involuntarily, it may be, we look to them as to our "glass of fashion," believing them to be just so much better experienced than ourselves as to know the little more which is the present object of our own ambitions, yet not so much older as to have outlived those pleasures of which our own tastes approve. (In parenthesis I may add that the old outlive those pleasures, and the taste for them, somewhat less quickly and completely than the young suppose.)

Without saying a word which may appear to you as if I had a desire to instruct you in a matter on which you would be perfectly correct in thinking me unable to form a judgment at all useful to you with your contemporaries (your dear mother cannot understand how this should be so—we must make allowance for woman's incapacity, in which so much of her charm resides, to appreciate such a point as fully as we can realize it)—without saying a word, I repeat, which you will be likely to misinterpret so much to my disadvantage, I may, I think, indicate to you the side of modern manners (so to speak of what has hardly an existence) to which I hope you may incline. It is a recommendation I make as much from my observation as from my taste (which latter is of no moment), although the two, for the nonce, coincide. I have observed how often praise is given, of this young fellow or of the other, on the score that "he has a quiet manner." This quietness of manner is altogether to my own liking; but, as I say, that matters nothing. What matters more is that it is the manner which your contemporaries, especially of the gentler sex, approve. About the quietude there is a reticence, a reserve, a dignity which will always, I think, add to your estimation with your companions. It is also the manner which best assures you a perfect mastery over yourself at all junctures, so that you are in less danger, in any position which may be at all



disturbing to your nerves, of saying that which you will afterwards regret. It is a lack of this quality of self-possession which causes young men so often, in modern parlance, to "give themselves away." I would have you, whatever the manner of your time, be always master of it, and of yourself: and such perfect mastery implies that the situations of delicacy to which I have referred will cease to trouble you. He is master of every situation who is certain of the mastery of his own proper manner.

Further than this, you will read with satisfaction, I have nothing to say to you on the subject. After all, though I have covered much paper, I have said little enough. A question which I know your good mother would be glad to have me touch on, is that of profane swearing. It is an indication of the excellence of her sense that she can appreciate this to be a question of manners, rather than of what she, at least, would conceive to be of much graver import—religion. "Our armies," we are informed, "swore fearfully in the Low Countries," and whether or no the habit dates only from the wars of Marlborough, it is certain that it had not yet fallen into disuse among the upper classes in the time of your great-grandfather, the possessor of the admirable left leg. Whatever the advantages or the disadvantages, it is no longer the vogue, except with nautical men and bargees, to garnish the conversation with picturesque blasphemy. Even the chauffeur of the motor 'bus who receives, as well as gives, much occasion for exasperation, comparatively rarely employs these linguistic embellishments. I am informed that an exception has to be made of those who are addicted to the Scottish game of golf; but of this I have no knowledge. Among members of what in my own young days we were in the habit of calling the gentler sex, the use of expletives appears to be greatly on the increase; but it is a sign of the times that they are claiming in all respects equal privileges with men. That in so doing they forfeit proportionately the privileges formerly accorded to their own sex is the melancholy conviction of your old-fashioned but ever affectionate uncle,

JAMES

## THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN MUSIC

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

IT is one of the disabilities under which the critic labours that he cannot, without running the risk of giving offence and transgressing the rules of good form, refer to the physical characteristics of his victims. Yet here, if the truth be told, is one of the many elements which go to the formation of his judgments. We cannot see Busoni enter upon the concert-platform without perceiving that he is a man of forceful intellect, who will bend the music to his will. Had Hanslick not been blinded by his own venom, he must have realized that whatever came out of such a head as Richard Wagner's must be worthy, at least, of respect. And does not the insignificance of Miss Elsie Simper's mind shine out before us, or ever she begins the first song of her first recital? George Moore, who will not, perhaps, be universally accepted as the pattern of good taste in such matters, has not always shrunk from such personalities. Of Whistler he wrote: "To understand his art, you must understand his body." He then proceeds to make out, by argument from Whistler's stature and physique, a good case for the idea that his genius fell short of greatness for the lack of a few more pounds of flesh and muscle. Given these, and we should have had a second Velasquez!

Last Saturday afternoon there appeared upon the platform of the Queen's Hall an old man, very tall and gaunt in his long frock-coat. His large features had been purged by the years of any grossness they may ever have shown, and there was left nothing but a serene and benignant nobility. The great fringe of white hair, like the lower half of a halo round his temples, added a touch of humour without detracting from his aristocratic dignity. He played Chopin's

Concerto in E minor, and his performance was like that—dignified, benign, with just a pinch of humour. Mr. Emil Sauer is not one of your piano-bangers. He is all delicacy and grace; yet he avoids the fault of those qualities by virtue of the underlying vigour of his phrasing. His trick of taking his hands off the keys as if they were red hot is not an affectation to tickle the enthusiasts who book places on the keyboard side; it is his method of obtaining without abruptness that clean finish to a phrase which is one of the conspicuous qualities of his playing. If chapter and verse is wanted to prove his rhythmic sense, let me recall to the reader the manner in which Mr. Sauer led up to the recapitulation of the first theme in the *Rondo*. This passage was like a steady curve leading the eye to a swift and precise delineation of the important factor in a pencil-drawing.

Such a performance naturally showed the Concerto in the best possible light. Even the first movement had no *longeurs*. Sir Henry Wood and the orchestra must share the credit; for they produced exactly the right background for Mr. Sauer's delicate embroideries. He wove the threads of the pianoforte part into the orchestral texture, so that they never stood out as a thing apart. Like an old man telling a tale, he hardly raised his tone during the whole work above a gentle *sotto voce*. Nevertheless, it was in the quietest passages that he produced the richest effect. There was a kind of modesty, too, in his playing, which showed itself also in his slightly awkward acknowledgment of the genuine enthusiasm with which he was received. Yet he showed us in an *encore*, when he yielded to the insistent applause, that his fingers have lost none of the fire which still flashes in his eye. I may add, for the benefit of those who were unfortunate enough to miss last Saturday's concert, that there is a further opportunity of hearing this great pianist at the Wigmore Hall this afternoon.

If contrast be a good quality in a programme, the placing of Mr. Arnold Bax's Symphony in E flat after the concerto was a stroke of genius. It was like turning from a picture, beautiful in colour, and saved from prettiness by the strength of its design and the vigour of its drawing, to a painting, thick in oils, by one of those Neo-Academic artists who have absorbed into their essentially unoriginal minds the tenets of schools which were considered revolutionary a decade ago. You may see the kind of picture at almost any exhibition of modern painting—highly organized structures of distorted forms, portrayed in slabs of muddy paint. Mr. Bax certainly has a sense of structure, though we shall see that his beams are not always well dovetailed; but he has not the Honourable Mrs. Vesey Stanhope's "great architectural secret of decorating her constructions." The symphony, for which one might suggest the alternative title of "Concerto for Brass with Orchestra," supplies the listener with nothing more genial than an intellectual problem, expressed in harsh and ugly language.

This uncompromising dissonance is not a new feature in Mr. Bax's work. It is present, for instance, in the early sonata for pianoforte, which Miss Myra Hess played at her concert last week. But he has not before exploited it so ruthlessly. We have been accustomed in his music to a twilight dreaminess, which has sometimes brought the composer to the foot of the stairs that lead up to the House Beautiful. He has never made that steep ascent, and one wonders whether in his latest work he has attempted, by eschewing his natural grey melancholy, to gain the strength to reach the summit. If so, he seems to have purged away the one quality which had gained him recognition as a composer, though it may always have been antipathetic to the prejudices of many music-lovers. But whether this be so or not, Mr. Bax has not succeeded in strengthening his themes by increasing their ruggedness. They are lacking in real forcefulness for all the shower of accent-marks above the notes. One is reminded of Dionysus in the play of Aristophanes, donning the lion-skin and swinging, with difficulty, the club of Hercules.

Sometimes the strepitous clamour dies down, but the same uncouth mood prevails. In the first movement, for instance, there comes a quietness before the entry of the second subject, which is supposed to conform to the classical tradition of flowing more graciously than the first subject. But a theme cannot be made expressive by adding the word *cantabile* to the stave. And such grace as this one possesses is negated by the chromatic harmonies which accompany it. Yet, though there is this monotony of mood, the transition from one aspect of it to the next is not always well managed. The beams do not always fit, and we are sensible of a gap which impairs our faith in the security of the structure.

Mr. Bax is so obviously sincere, that one would very willingly place everything possible to his credit. But I could find nothing to like in this symphony, and I have tried to analyse the reasons for this unfavourable impression. Perhaps it is that his ambition has outsoared his undoubted talent, and that before he can produce a work on a big scale, which shall successfully express his emotional experience, he must put on, at any rate mentally, those extra pounds of flesh and muscle which Whistler lacked.

### AN ART IN SEARCH OF ITS YOUTH

BY IVOR BROWN

THE people of this country who care about the arts do not, as a rule, care about the films. London's two leading Sunday papers, which happily devote many columns a week to drama, letters, painting and music, make only the scantiest reference to the existence of the picture-house, and by this attitude of contemptuous neglect of the nation's most popular form of entertainment they probably gratify their readers. The reason for this ban is fairly obvious. The handful of artists in the cinema world must suffer for the sins, the atrocious sins, committed by the massed battalions of vulgarians. The cinema has got a bad name, and in nine cases out of ten it has got it deservedly. Sensitive people shrink from its rococo palaces and are revolted by its posters, which continue to attain the very depths of pictorial degradation, while the art of the poster is elsewhere so markedly improving. The craft of advertisement has been in many trades refined by some taste and moderation of style, but to read the usual puff supplied by the film companies' Press-agents is still like stumbling upon a trough of verbal hog-wash. Caliban remains the totem of the trade.

Yet we cannot escape this fact, that Caliban, on a count of heads, is the democratic sovereign of the entertainment world. However devastating you may consider the tawdry gilt of the cinema throne-room, you would be a brave gambler to hazard that the throne will be tumbled within a generation. Broad-based upon the people's will it stands, and the true National Theatre of Great Britain is the Colossadium or Electrodrome of the provincial High Street. The etymologist shudders at the barbarous name; the artist shudders at the barbarous mien of the poster-flaunting palace; the sociologist shudders at the barbarous contents of the film. But democracy pays its shillings and takes the gifts of Barbary in the comparative comfort of "tip-up plush." Caliban can snap his claws at the sociologist, who, by the way, is frequently and grossly unfair to the romantic ethics of the "movie-world." When small boys play at crooks or cow-boys with real knives until blood is shed, magistrates and coroners gravely censure the lurid appeal of "the pictures." But when a small boy attempts some high deed of chivalrous heroism, nobody ever suggests that he learned this from Mr. Fairbanks. Yet the one supposition is as reasonable as the other, and many a drowning man may owe his rescue to a stirring Saturday night in the eightpenny "fotiles."

The men of taste who pass by on the other side when

they see the luminous challenge of the Colossadium may be right ninety-nine times out of a hundred; by rejecting its allure they do but save themselves from boredom of the vilest order. But this problem of the hundredth film remains. It is the seed of cinematic reform, sparsely scattered but existing, at large in harsh winds and drifting over stony ground. The well-informed assure me that Sweden entrusts it now and then to the north-east wind; sometimes it is native. Last week I found a specimen which had been carried from Corsica by way of France. It was called 'The Three Masks,' and was a simple story of vendetta told with a spare muscularity of narrative. It rose to a climax of horror; simple folk-stories often do, as any reader of the Greek sagas knows. In the other ninety-nine films the end would have been melodrama, tushery, a mechanised hotch-potch of Sardoodledom. Here it was tragedy, pure and profound. This film was at the Embassy Cinema in New Oxford Street; I hope that it is now entering a cluster of our Colossadiums, but I have my fears. Are not the Colossadian managers busy hunting these hundredth films into the darkness?

This film of 'The Three Masks' interested me intensely not merely because it was a good story that steered with classic reticence between the glibly mawkish and the vulgarly macabre, but because it revealed the secret history of Caliban. Caliban was never a baby or a boy; he was born monstrous. The art, or rather the combination through mechanism of several arts, which is the art of the films, had no childhood except in regard to its mechanism. All other arts are as old as man himself; they go back to neolithic, even to palæolithic times. As civilizations rise and fall the arts pass from crude vigour to disciplined strength, from mere strength to a Golden Age in which reason is fused with emotion, feeling deepens, and thought expands. After that comes the Silver Age, a decline into facility, rhetoric, the smartly clever, the cumbrously ornate. Again and again that cycle recurs. And when you catch that cycle, as it were, in early manhood, you find the high and rich and enduring art. What you find may be a myth, a drama, a ballad or a graven image, but you know it by the stamp of its honesty, its direct assertion of a simple truth.

The cinema was born old; or rather it was not born at all, but manufactured. Its art could never spring in the fresh majesty of youth from any people's heart. It was no sooner discovered than exploited; no sooner exploited than corrupted. It was invented, also, at the worst possible time, just when the great democracies had been taught to read but not to think, to write but not to reason, to devour but not to digest. The cinema fell into the hands of financiers who saw before them a numberless international horde with no tradition of taste, no discipline of intellectual judgment. They were faced with the spawning-grounds of the completed industrial revolution; there were the myriad fish, gaping after a tinsel bait. To supply the tinsel was an easy means to treasure.

So art was squeezed out of the studios. The cinema had no chance to be natural, youthful, or spontaneous. It might be young in years, but in temper it was as old as folly. How could it then produce the equivalent of an Odyssey, or a Canterbury tale, a ballad of warriors or a Volga boat song? Sophistication cannot do these things, and the cinema by force of circumstance was sophisticated in its cradle. It was not a baby, but a new-found giant, swaddled in the trappings of Wardour Street and hand-fed with liqueurs and caviare. It was the twin of the chattering-smattery photo-press, and like its brother evolved a technique of sobs and smirks. The "close-up" of rolling eye-balls and glycerine tears appeared to be its final contribution to tragedy.

Then, under occasional wise guidance, the cinema began to go in search of its youth, and by that way it may now find salvation. Here and there the natural supplanted the unnatural, and truth peered out from the smothering cloak of make-believe. Comedy, when I first went to "the pictures," consisted of custard-pies and motor-cars that ran up the walls of houses.



Chaplin came and character came with him, ousting monstrosity. He sloughed away the mechanical, simplified the narrative, slaughtered sub-titles and close-ups, and brought to the comic film a complete rejuvenation. His drollery is akin to the age-long drollery of the peoples. The clown drove Caliban off the stage. As Chaplin has lately written, the clown wins when he jests as he pleases, not according to some financier's idea of what the public wants: in other words, when he has found his youth, inventive and irrepressible youth.

People who create films like 'The Three Masks' are doing for tragedy what Chaplin did for comedy. They are cutting off its Wardour Street whiskers and banishing its lachrymose fustian and imbecile over-emphasis. The story is natural and the acting is natural; it all flows with the even measure of a folk-myth, told because folk want to hear it. Gesture and facial play, being trimmed to Nature's mould, reveal Nature's beauty, before which the writhings of a Californian vamp are but the ludicrous symbols of human impertinence. Here the terrible supplants the horrible, and the melodrama of the ninety-nine films becomes the authentic drama of the hundredth. A public trained to the enjoyment of the rapid and the vamp will shrink at first from the unpainted face of truth. But if the cinema persists in fighting this handicap of having been born old and pursues the quest of its childhood, the cinema may prevail. In which case the proud fingers that are now pointed in scorn at the Colossadium will be putting shillings through its grille, and not without the sequel of a due artistic reward.

## Verse

### NIGHT ON THE FIELDS OF ENNA

(*Dove il sol tace.*—'Inferno')

G RASS there doth not  
Make reply faint as thought  
To the bird-like din  
Of the sun's cherubin.  
And the birds themselves do  
Blunder the branches through  
Till the earth's root stains  
With their knocked-out brains.  
O the sun's silent and  
Blood's on the land.  
The birds die there  
In the clotted air  
And their wing-beats make no noise.  
The four winds are lank lead  
Suspended in a dead poise.  
A scurf is on the mouth  
Of west wind and south.  
And the east and the north  
Loll swollen tongues forth,  
Into the blank immanence  
Of the sun's silence.

Never Moloch and his peers,  
Beelzebub, Ashtaroth,  
So racked the cracked spheres  
With the trumpets of their wrath  
As this black hush hath rent  
The collapsing firmament.

Dante, of thy charity  
Restore sound unto sea,  
Slake the winds their thirst.  
Let the sun walk on  
The split ramparts of this worst  
Grimmer Pandemonion.  
Let the sun's cherubin,  
Dante, once again begin  
Their bird-like din.  
Restore to birds their lost eyes,  
To grass its little cries.

LOUIS GOLDING

## Correspondence

### THE FRANC FALLS

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

THE other day, the French writer, George Maurevert, asked me whether it was possible to explain the fall of the franc. "Poincaré's policy," he said, "in the Ruhr has been successful; there is no unemployment in France as in England—on the contrary, everyone is at work and earning large wages; the French harvest has been excellent, the French vintage is superb both in quality and quantity; the Budget is normal; has just balanced for the first time in years. Yet the franc falls; has fallen, indeed, one-third in the last two months, from 15 to the dollar to 20 to the dollar. It does not matter much," M. Maurevert wound up, "but I would like to know what you think about it." "It matters greatly," I replied. "We have an English proverb that says 'money talks.' It evidently talks loudly about the franc. The English pound does not fall, or only so slightly that it is mere fluctuation: one wave a little higher or lower than another. The main fact you must always keep before you: for the first time in history the dollar is the standard. The United States is the great creditor nation of the world. Why is it that the British pound has almost reached its true level with the dollar, whereas the French franc has fallen to a quarter of its worth, and has fallen more rapidly in the last two months than ever before? Plainly the dollar is not satisfied with the franc and its prospects, or, if you like, the American nation is not satisfied with French policy. I know that most Frenchmen think they can reckon on American friendship, but friendship is not business."

Now, why is America not satisfied? First of all, because the French make no attempt to pay the Americans the debt they owe. The French, too, do not attempt to pay the debt they owe England, while England has concluded its arrangement to pay its far larger debt to America and is now paying it. That explains why the almighty dollar looks with greater favour on the English pound than on the French franc, though France is evidently, economically speaking, in better case than England. But how can one explain the fact that the franc has fallen quicker in the last couple of months than it ever fell before? The answer is quite plain: in 1924 the Americans have a new Presidential election, which will determine their policy for the next four years. Harding won the last election by the greatest majority ever known. Praise him as you please; he was an almost unknown Senator when he was put up for the highest office. How came it that he had a majority of over 6,000,000 when the average majority is about 2,000,000? The German-American vote in the United States is over 3,000,000, the Irish vote just over one million. These are plainly the two elements that gave Harding his unprecedented majority. The German-American voters in the United States hated Wilson for the Treaty of Versailles. They all know that the conditions of that treaty are far more onerous than the engagements entered into by the Allies in the Armistice. The German-American voters looked upon Wilson as a traitor who had broken all his pledges, and contrary to his promise had stamped in the face of the fallen. To a man they voted against him. The Irish, too, voted against him for his treatment of their cause. Therefore, the almost unknown Senator Harding got the greatest majority ever seen in the United States.

Now, Wall Street, the home of the dollar, loves the Republican policy of Harding and Coolidge; they both did everything for the dollar that the dollar wanted. They have not even given the soldiers the promised bonus. They know the soldiers will be patriotic; but the dollar and Wall Street dread the German-American voters. If the Democrats were to put up a good candidate and a candidate approved by the German-Ameri-

cans, he would probably win. All the candidate needs to do is to promise that the Versailles Treaty, and especially the German debt under that treaty, shall be brought into harmony with the provisions of the Armistice. It is the German vote in America that is accountable for the fall of the franc. And if nothing is done to conciliate it, the franc will fall still further and still faster in the near future, until the democratic candidate for President is chosen.

The English have a sixth sense that the French have not. The French five senses are at least as good, in my opinion, as the English five senses; but the English have the advantage of having a sixth sense, which I have always called the sense of the pocket. They did not go into the Ruhr with the French. Why not? They had no argument against it. Mr. Lloyd George was the first to say that if the Germans did not do what he wanted he would occupy the Ruhr; but the English did not accompany the French because their pocket felt that it was not to their advantage. And when the French seem to succeed in the Ruhr the English opposition grows stronger: that's the crux of the case. The English declared—and not the Liberal nor the Labour Party, who are notoriously against the French policy, but the Conservative English, the aristocratic English, with Lord Curzon at their head, declared that going into the Ruhr was illegal. It was and is illegal; but that is not the reason the English object. They object simply because their pocket sense teaches them to keep in with the dollar. All the English economic interest would be with France in crushing Germany, who was their greatest trade rival, but the English pocket feels that at any moment that policy may be dangerous, if not fatal, and it therefore associates itself with the dollar.

And the moral of all this is just as clear. If Poincaré were as wise a man as he is a strong man he would immediately seek a *modus vivendi* with Germany. Half a loaf is better than no bread; up to date he has got no bread from the Ruhr. He may get worse than no bread. That is what the dollar knows and fears, and the dollar to-day is almighty.

## A Woman's Causerie

### OPEN SESAME

**O** MAR KHAYYAM was not the last to complain, for even now we hear poets wailing before doors to which they find no key. And whether we speak of the key metaphorically or not, to be baulked in curiosity or desire is to be unhappy. Not as unhappy, though, as were Adam and Eve who looked back, with despair biting at their livers, on the closed gates of Paradise, and wished that they had not snatched at the forbidden key of knowledge.

\* \* \*

We may sympathize with those who fumble at locks with the wrong key, or curse fate because they are not strong enough to break the door with a hatchet—a good way of getting to the other side. But what is wrong with a skeleton key? Has only a thief the right to one, or do we all, in secret, keep this shameful pass, and pretend to the world at large that the door we face is locked to us? It is true that the owner of a skeleton key, however innocent his expression or his intention may be, is always suspected. Only yesterday a Russian was speaking of a brawl in a Berlin theatre, where shots were fired and everyone rushed to whatever looked like an outlet. She unfortunately found herself with a few others high up and before a small door that was locked. As shots went on splattering the paint on the walls around them, they became ever more rudely anxious to get away. But pushing and banging at each other and at the wood made no impression on the door. A man, apathetic from fright, who had kept in a corner by himself, suddenly brought a key out from his pocket. When the little group saw this the shouting stopped; only the ping of shots was

heard, and a woman caught a bullet in the high heel of her shoe. Room was at once made for the man to pass to the door, and those waiting saw that he held in his hand a skeleton key. As they ran out, the Russian said, no one thought of thanking him; instead all looked at him with disdain, feeling in their pockets for their purses.

\* \* \*

Does not this show that to whatever useful purpose an illicit key may be put, the owner of it is looked upon with suspicion? How often the possessor of charm—the skeleton key of character—is treated as a thief when he believes that he gives, as indeed he does give, to every man a piece of his heart. Yet though it may be sad to puzzle before a door that is shut, it is sadder still to hold in our hands a key for which there is no door. We look at the tiny object that had opened for us the life of a whole house; it is the metal sign, and a very real one, of our past possession of what no longer exists, a door that is ours no more, that no key, no hatchet even, can ever again open to our step. And if the door might still be there, and we should use our key, and pass into the house that had once been ours, surely a strange throat would shout, "Robber, robber!" For such belief have we in concrete things that few can understand that the true possessor is he who keeps his memories of a house, and on returning after many years could still see smiling children running up and down the wide staircase. We often wonder how he who buys a house that had been dear to its past owner, which had held all his passionate life, dares to live in it.

\* \* \*

Archæologists of a future time will be surprised when they dig near to the ruins of our homes to find the small graves of keys. For how many of us in parting with a house still cling to its key, only to find that, unable to bear being reminded of a lost door, we have buried in a new garden a talisman that can no longer work? Our "Open Sesame" must be the more fragile, yet the more lasting key of memory.

Yoi

## Letters to the Editor

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

### THE UNIONIST POSITION IN SCOTLAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—“Unionist” may not have been happy in the choice of a pseudonym; but, despite what Mr. G. Addison Smith has to say, I think most Conservatives in Scotland will agree that an overhauling of local organizations is highly desirable—nay, essential—if we are to hope for future successes. Your footnote to Mr. Smith's letter is quite justified. No doubt in 1910, following Mr. Lloyd George's cataclysmic Budget, a special spurt was made; but 1923 was a different proposition. There is great need for local propaganda on an extensive scale.

No one can deny the zeal and devotion shown by Mr. Addison Smith. Any change of method need not involve any detraction from the value of his services; nor need it suggest any reflection upon the sincerity of the Central Association. But we are to-day up against a very different kind of opposition from that which had to be faced thirteen years ago. The people must be taught that Conservatism to-day is a constructive and progressive and humanitarian force on the basis of a sane and disinterested individualism. Liberalism and Labour must be



shown to be what each in essence is—a collectivist and sectional party out for the application of collectivist theories, and the severance of class from class. Conservatism must be proved to be the cause that stands for the abolition of class distinctions, the sweetening of social relationships, and the well-being of the community as a whole. The Liberal and Labour assertions that Conservatism stands for self-interest and the absence of idealism must be nailed to the counter for the lies that they are. We have had much mouthing from both Liberals and Socialists about their noble ideals, but in great part their so-called ideals are merely expressions of frothy and sloppy sentimentalism. They lead nowhere. They are the doctrines of impossibilists.

It may no doubt be the case that to some extent the lack of a large representation of working men in certain local Conservative associations is due to their own backwardness or reluctance. But, unfortunately, in very many organizations the conduct of business has become a formal, perfunctory and dry-as-dust affair; and it lies upon us to go out to the highways and byways and compel them to come in. If all our organizers and speakers were Addison Smiths, we might hope for a better state of things. And for Heaven's sake—as I once heard an eminent Scottish divine exclaim—do not let us regard a man as hopeless because he happens to wear a black coat! When the clergyman rebuked the sexton for wearing a red waistcoat at a funeral, the sexton rejoined with: "Ah, well, sir, what does it matter so long as the heart is black?"

I am, etc.,

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM

Oakleigh, Boswall Road, Leith

#### A SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Those who fear, and act upon their fears, that Mr. Maxton, M.P., and others of his kidney will force their Socialist colleagues into a policy of public plunder are denounced by *The Times* as "panic-stricken plutocrats," while even the SATURDAY REVIEW speaks of the transfer of capital abroad as "a cowardly policy." For myself, if I chose to send capital abroad, I should consider that I was fully justified in my decision by Mr. Maxton's boast that he and his party are out to make those who own property "disgorge their wealth"—however justly acquired or earned—and by the fact, to which Sir West Ridgway has called attention, that the Socialist "Victory meeting" at the Albert Hall closed with the singing of 'The Red Flag'—the battle song of Revolution. This last proceeding was the more significant because Mr. Smillie, M.P., had previously referred to the "glorious Russian revolution."

Now, frankly, I am seriously alarmed at the prospect of having in power a party many of whose members regard with admiration that orgy of robbery, arson, murder and rape which constituted "the glorious Russian revolution," and I maintain that a party which regards that orgy of violence and fraud, either with "sombre acquiescence" or with actual joy, can only be described as "unconstitutional." A man may, of course, privately sympathize with the methods of Lenin and Trotsky without committing any overt act against the Constitution and the laws of England, but when a party openly shows its admiration of the policy of violence and slaughter which converted one-half of Russia into a charnel house, and attempted the systematic extirpation of Christianity, then, I submit, that party has no claim to be treated as "constitutional."

The first danger from a Socialist Government would be due to the vast increase of expenditure to which the party is pledged in the matter of old-age pensions, education, unemployment, housing, etc., etc. Now every serious increase of taxation diminishes the capacity of the employer class to give productive em-

ployment, with the result that more people are out of work, and it was the recognition of the vital need for economy in Government Departments which played a most important part in the overthrow of Mr. Lloyd George's Administration. Strangely enough, certain people who were shocked at Government extravagance two years ago tell us to-day that there is no occasion for alarm. Thus Lord Inchcape, who has lately been advocating acquiescence in Socialist rule, signed two years ago, as president of the Income Taxpayers' Society, a manifesto pointing out that "this country will never recover its pre-war predominance in trade and industry if the inhabitants are not to be permitted to save, and if practically the whole of their income is swallowed up in the defence and administration of the country and in other spending departments of the Government."

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Scarcroft, near Leeds

#### LOCAL OPTION AND PROHIBITION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I cordially agree with Mr. Courtney that the point which has to be decided is "whether Local Option (and presumably he would include Prohibition) is right in principle," but his test of rightness seems to be a peculiarly dangerous one. To suggest that such coercive measures as Local Option or Prohibition are right in principle because they can be shown to be democratic is to make fundamental principles depend on a majority vote. Surely the first question is not whether the majority believe a particular form of food to be good or bad, but whether they have any right to force their opinion on other people who take the liberty of differing from them. Most arguments regarding Prohibition, whether the full-blooded American species or the more anæmic Scottish variety, concern themselves with the question of to what extent it achieves its avowed object. That, as I see the problem, is irrelevant. The real issue is whether it is not a vicious and dangerous thing to permit any such attempt to dictate to grown-up people how they shall order their lives.

To some of us the principle of liberty, that each has a right to order his own life according to his own will, providing he respects the equal rights of others, appears so fundamental as to require no demonstration. But, since to-day Mill and Spencer appear to be forgotten, and Mr. E. S. P. Hayes is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, may I submit the following points for consideration?

The greatness, progress and position of a nation depend ultimately upon the characters of its component individuals. Any legislation which, by removing from the individual's control the ordering of his own life, tends to sap his responsibilities is undermining that character upon which national prosperity rests. Every form of restrictive legislation furnishes a precedent for further restriction and a further assumption by the State of responsibilities that should be individual, and so the process of progressive degeneration goes on.

The argument for liberty is not that a people whose life is dictated at every turn cannot call its soul its own; it is that such a people will very soon cease to have any soul at all. That individual liberty is the sole safeguard against moral degeneration. That every insidious attack upon liberty is undermining the foundations of national character at the source. A great nation may or may not be sober. Inevitably it will be free.

Prohibitionists of one sort or another are quite ready to extend their activities to almost every branch of human activity. Could they but have their way they would reduce the most virile people to a race of decadents in three or four generations. Happily the American experiment seems to show that a healthy race possesses a natural instinct of self-preservation which

teaches them to disregard such inimical legislation, but the danger is that the process is only too likely to result in bringing all law into equal contempt.

I am, etc.,

Glasgow

RITSON BENNELL

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—I see that Mr. Fred Stewart contributes an extract from a speech by Lord Sumner made a few years ago. May I be permitted to call the attention of your readers to some observations made on the same occasion by another certainly equally eminent member of the House of Lords, Viscount Milner, to wit:

I am firmly convinced that we shall never get out of the interminable controversy, so noxious to our political life, on this question, nor shall we be able, materially, to reduce those evils of the liquor traffic which the noble and learned Viscount on the Woolsack must deplore as much as anyone, so long as the liquor traffic remains in private hands.

Again:

I believe that what is vitally necessary is to get rid of the system under which large numbers of people have a direct interest in pushing and encouraging the sale of drink, and in tempting people to drink more than they want and more than is good for them. It is idle to say that, so long as this business is in private hands, there will not be thousands of people interested in encouraging the sale of drink and stimulating its consumption. It is inevitable that there should be, and I do not blame them. Every trader is necessarily desirous of increasing the consumption of the article in which he trades, and where, as in this case, the number of traders is unfortunately much too large, the very fierceness of competition drives them to stimulate consumption all the more.

I am, etc.,

Walthamstow

S. JOHN LONGMAN

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—In reply to Mr. J. Douglas Edwards, who asks me on what authority I state that the public do not want State trading in liquor, I submit that I, on my part, have certainly more reason to ask him what grounds he has for his contention that the country would receive State control with equanimity; it requires stronger proof to maintain his contention than that improvements under the present system is what the public want, and in many cases are getting. Rome, however, was not built in a day, and although Carlisle has in theory been completed, it is to be regretted that for all practical purposes it is still a waste. I should like to point out that if your correspondent would be a little more accurate he would notice that I did not say anything about "private competitive enterprise" in the sale of liquor as such, I was at the time referring to the improvements as to its supply in comfortable and decent premises. If Mr. Edwards has sampled the Carlisle district, then one can only surmise that his powers of comparison are not very exacting, or else that he is very easily satisfied.

I am, etc.,

Kensington

J. ANDERSON

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Mr. J. D. Edwards asks how Mr. Anderson knows that the public do not want State trading in liquor. Surely if the people did want it they would say so. The people who want some change are those represented by the various teetotal and temperance associations. Will Mr. Edwards say what proportion of these reformers want State ownership of the liquor trade? As a matter of fact, apart from one small temperance society, these bodies strongly oppose the proposal. The only section of the public likely to accept it is the Socialists, who, of course, are prepared to "take over" not only the drink trade, but every other industry.

I am, etc.,

London

"LIBERTAS"

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Do those of your correspondents who advocate the extension of the Carlisle experiment to the rest of the country realize that besides giving the Government a monopoly as regards the sale of fermented and distilled beverages, they will also place the whole of the catering trade of the country in the hands of the Government? It will mean the virtual extermination of practically every form of catering, from the high-class restaurant to the humblest coffee house, every hotel and boarding house, and probably reduce considerably the receipts of the tobacconists, as with the resources of the Government at their backs, those responsible for running the State-ownership scheme will naturally be able to undercut and undersell those private traders engaged in similar trades.

I leave this point of view, which apparently has been overlooked by your correspondents, with your readers for them to ponder over, and realize the very far-reaching effect of the State-ownership scheme.

I am, etc.,

A. E. ROWLAND

Burghley Road, Tufnell Park, N.W.

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Mr. Fred Carter wants evidence that the Carlisle scheme is, from the point of view of temperance, a failure. If he will refer to the Licensing Statistics, 1922, he will find that Carlisle occupies the proud (?) position of No. 60 in the list showing the drunkenness convictions in 84 county boroughs of England and Wales. What better evidence does he want, seeing that were the Carlisle experiment half as successful as is claimed, it ought surely to occupy the premier position?

I am, etc.,

A. W. SIMONS

Meads Road, Wood Green, N.

SPIRITUAL HEALING

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—When we read in the findings of the committee authorized by the Lambeth Conference of 1920 to consider and report upon "... spiritual means of healing," that "in spiritual healing, the healing of the spirit is primary, the healing of the body secondary," and that "no sick person must look to the clergyman to do what it is the physician's or surgeon's duty to do," we are impressed with the committee's evident disposition to avoid entanglement with the real problem. If belief in the efficacy of spiritual healing is based upon the example of Christ, then it is not clear why the sick must not "look to the clergyman to do what it is the physician's or surgeon's duty to do." Christ did not enjoin the lame, the halt and the blind to consult a physician, but healed them through the spirit.

As for the finding that "the healing of the body is secondary," here again we are constrained to recall that Christ used the power of His spirit to cure the sick. He did not consider the body as secondary, but He spent His life in relieving bodily suffering. He urged again and again the purification of the body. In Cor. I. iii. 16, 17, we read: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." It is not the spirit that is afflicted with illness, the spirit that is a part of God, but the body which is the temple of the spirit. Therefore, true spiritual healing, as Christ practised it, must consider the body, not as of secondary importance, but as primary. "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" Cor. I. vi. 19.

I am, etc.,

Chatou (S. et O.)

MARGARET CARPENTER





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, No. 82

THE DAWN

By 'Quiz'

## Reviews

### MORE CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

*Contemporary Portraits.* Fourth Series. By Frank Harris. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

OF the many illuminating portraits in Mr. Frank Harris's gallery, probably the best, the most illuminating, is the one which is only there as it were by accident, the portrait of the artist himself. Mr. Harris reveals himself again and again in the process of revealing others; a man, one perceives, of courageous will, original and vigorous mind, bold judgment, wide sympathy, yet not suffering fools gladly. There is as much self-revelation in some of the portraits as revelation of the subject: the reader can get to know the author therein more than perfunctorily. Mr. Harris's extremely individual style often succeeds, as might be expected of the author of 'The Man Shakespeare,' in conveying vivid, penetrating impressions of human character with an astonishing economy of words. He has a passion for humanity, for the souls of men, not their shells. "The souls of great men . . . are the Jacob's Ladder leading from earth to heaven: it is by knowledge of them, of their heart, and essence, and inbeing, that the younger ones must grow in their turn, mounting rung by rung." So he deplores the reticence of most literary portraiture and biography. For him it must be all or nothing, for in nothing less than all can the truth be found.

He is absorbed in man as artist, as living spirit to whom beauty is "a divine vocation," unbiassed by the inessential of private life and character. Of Turgénief he writes: "And I wish, wish, wish I could have met him ten years later than I did." That triple repetition is significant of passionate interest. His impatience with less detached criticism becomes evident in his estimation of Mark Twain. In Heidelberg, in the eighteen-seventies, he and a friend visited Mark Twain to ask him to address the Anglo-American Literary Society there, and during their conversation started to praise Bret Harte. Thereupon Twain began inveighing against Harte:

"His talent," if you please, "was infinitely exaggerated, and he was not honest. He was a disgrace to literature, and had no real genius. He had cheated his publishers out of money. Had we never heard the story?"

A fundamental difference in the standards of criticism of the two men immediately becomes apparent. Says Mr. Harris:

I shrugged my shoulders. It did not matter to me whom Bret Harte had cheated. I knew that the man who had written 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat' was throned in my admiration for ever.

Said Mark Twain:

He did not care what a man wrote; a writer should pay his debts, and be as honest as anybody else.

That seems to have prejudiced Mr. Harris against Twain permanently. Not only did he always thereafter avoid him, which we can understand; he also finds 'Huckleberry Finn' a poor book. He tells us that both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Mencken consider his judgment too severe, and we admit to being, in this matter, on the side of the bigger battalions. We agree, however, that 'A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur' is not "wildly, screamingly funny." It is, on the contrary, not a little vulgar.

Mr. Harris writes well of Wagner. The *meister's* impatience with criticism, response to praise, and high, yet not over-high, self-appreciation, are convincingly explained. One day Mr. Harris showed him a newspaper containing a bitter criticism of his music.

"You oughtn't to have shown me that," he exclaimed, "it can do nothing but harm. The man is a liar and slanderer. I don't blame the journalist for not understanding my genius," he went on passionately. . . . "It takes genius to recognise genius; when a journalist says I have none, it doesn't matter; it merely means he is a journalist. But this writer is a musician. When he speaks of music he knows what he is talking about. There and there," he cried, point-

ing to the article, "he shows musical knowledge. When he tells his readers that I am not a musician, he lies, and knows that he is lying. . . . Mere slanderous lies do no one any good; they do genius a great deal of harm, unluckily."

Again:

"It's all envy and malice. . . . One gives of one's best and the mediocrities loathe you for it. . . . One of these days they'll know who I am, and the name of Wagner will stand high above their calumnies."

"The crowd mock at you, and those who should help stand aside and sneer till you almost doubt your own soul; no life is as hard as ours—none."

Mr. Harris asked him how he would rank the greatest musicians:

He shrugged his shoulders; "Mozart and Beethoven, of course, and Bach; then Handel and Weber. Handel was a high priest of our art. His oratorios are like cathedrals."

"But you, Meister?" I persisted. "You are the greatest of them all, aren't you?"

"In opera, yes, I think so," he said.

On another occasion he remarked: "You may yet hear it said that in orchestral harmonies the step from Bach to Beethoven is hardly longer than the step from Beethoven to Wagner." Mr. Harris considered this at the time the summit of all conceit. Yet, as he admits, 20 years later, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch said: "In dramatic music Wagner is as much above Beethoven as Beethoven is above Bach." Once in Mr. Harris's presence Wagner had a misgiving: "Is there perhaps too much theatre in me, too much searching after stage pictures and scenic effects? . . . I don't think so; but I wish I knew certainly."

There is nothing finer in the book than 'Henri Matisse and Renoir,' which will be remembered as having recently appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW. That is a great and moving description of Renoir, tied and twisted with pain, able to hold his brush only between his thumb and forefinger, high up, and having the canvas moved about for him, who could not himself move. "One could pick him up with one hand quite easily; his eyes held all the life of his body, his eyes and his tongue and his poor twisted, deformed, bleeding paw." The story is told in Matisse's words:

"I've always felt . . . that recorded time holds no nobler story, no more heroic, no more magnificent achievement than that of Renoir, dying in agony, yet determined to put all the sweet joy of living into one deathless scene as a possession of men for ever, a blessing without alloy."

Many others of the portraits are admirable, notably those of Wilfrid Blunt, "Max," and Leonard Merrick. That of Charlie Chaplin does not succeed, as several do, in revealing the inwardness of the man. There are charming, amusing stories of him, his geniality and wit, but we know him little better at the end than we knew him before from his antics as a screen genius. Some of Mr. Harris's estimates of character we cannot endorse, but while we differ we feel them to be absolutely sincere; he has never been a man to allow public opinion to stand in the way of the championing of his own convictions.

### THE PHILOSOPHIC QUEST

*Speculations.* By T. E. Hulme. Edited by Herbert Read. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

IN the war we lost not only poets, germinating or almost ripe, but also a philosopher. Thomas Ernest Hulme (1883-1917), like Lucentio in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' studied what he most affected, when and where he chose. Cambridge dismissed him for brawling, and received him again on high recommendation, after much philosophical exercise in France and Germany. A prince and leader of adventurous youth, he nevertheless shocked the pacific intelligentsia by his prompt military enthusiasm, and was killed near Nieuport.

Bergson he admired, and the democratic Sorel, who would warn and amend democracy. The New Realists interested him. The group of *L'Action Française* imbued him with the hatred of Rousseau and all



Romanticism. He was to have been the eloquent prophet of Mr. Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, but the manuscript perished with him. What remains are two expositions of Bergson, lucid and among the best; a tractate against Humanism; and lecture-essays on 'Romanticism and Classicism' and 'Modern Art.' The resolute pioneer, he has turned his back on the past. Whatsoever lingers of Renaissance philosophy and art, and of Romanticism which is Renaissance Humanism degenerate, is to be cleared ruthlessly away. "He was capable," says Mr. Epstein, "of kicking a theory as well as a man downstairs when the occasion demanded." Indeed, he kicks with decisive vigour. One has to be neo-classic to avoid the kick. He is not the less peremptory should one plead admiration both of the romantic and the classic. Such catholicism of taste is an "infamous attitude," mere "slush" and "bosh." One must be the hard, dry classic on direct penalty. The new democracy must be classic and submit to disciplines. When the Humanists appealed to man's dignity, and Rousseau to man's goodness overlaid by social arrangements, they babbled. If there is any certainty, it is that of Original Sin, and the only philosophers are those who, before the Renaissance, were convinced of it. Primitive, Oriental, Byzantine folk are your forerunners of rightful abstract and geometrical art. Whereupon, in imaginary dialogue, one teases Hulme by submitting that his beloved Bergson is shrewdly accused of ultra-Romanticism, and that he himself is of the same order, being given to intuition and individual interpretation.

Was Hulme on the way to become a poet of the newest? In Mr. Ezra Pound's 'Ripostes' was printed the 'Complete Works of T. E. Hulme,' here reproduced in three pages with excellent blank spaces. According to Mr. Epstein, his fervid friend found free verse all too facile, and so passed onwards. But the poet, the "imagist," persisted throughout. And it is in 'Cinders,' thirty pages of impressions and aphorisms, that he was to have worked up to the lyrical style of Nietzsche's 'Zarathustra,' that one spies for Hulme's originality, the more grotesque in proportion to its sincerity, as he elsewhere insists. His new philosophy, like all true philosophy, is "food thrown to the lions." Digested, it is much as follows. The impermanence of things suggests to him its opposite, a serene and impersonal stability. On the one hand, absolute objective reality, and on the other, the world as we find it, the cinder-heap. And between them, a chasm. There is no unity. At most we seek to impress some humanly conceived orderliness upon things. The criterion of truth is that human needs remain unsatisfied. Ours is a foiled quest towards truth. What is allowed us is but a speculative attitude, an individual and temperamental interpretation. We must strip ourselves of all Humanistic and Romantic trappings. But shall we not cover and shiver? Will not the new attitude, even as the old, be a matter of illusion and disillusion? Let us, therefore, play with inadequate language, with concrete metaphors, and abstract counters. In short, if free verse was too facile for Hulme, the problem of philosophy presented itself to him as all too difficult, and impossible, from the very nature of the case. He groped about on his shifting and uncomfortable cinder-heap, resolute to be consoled by art, by geometrical visions of stability; or, if you like, he was too philosophic to count philosophy as more than a department of poetry, of creative activity and distress.

#### A CARELESS ANATOMIST

*Beethoven's Nine Symphonies Fully Described and Analysed.* By Edwin Evans, Senior. Volume I, containing Symphonies I—V. Reeves.

THE dissection of a work of art so that its bones, its arteries, and its nerves are laid bare for inspection may be a useful aid to understanding and criticism. Alone, it can no more lead us to a true appre-

ciation of the work than those unsightly diagrams, carefully lettered, in a medical text-book can claim to be a complete study of the creature, Man. But, whereas the skilled surgeon can separate the tissues of the various organs and ascribe to each its functions and a scientific name, the anatomist of art finds himself confronted at once with numerous problems which are not to be solved on the basis of fact. We can say that this is the heart and that the liver; but in the anatomy of a piece of music, a picture or a work of literature, attempts to dogmatize about anything but the broadest features will at once lead to dispute.

In the book which is before us Mr. Edwin Evans, Senior, attempts a very detailed analysis of the first five Symphonies of Beethoven. Every phrase and every bar has to give account of its place in the general scheme of the work. Such analysis could be of the greatest utility to students of music, and would nowadays make a more appropriate handbook to the Symphonies than the older books, which had to set out the proofs that they were masterpieces. It is true that there still is one old gentleman who firmly asserts that music died in 1804, and that the 'Eroica' was the guilty party. To him the Ninth Symphony is as harsh and incomprehensible as Schönberg is to the lover of Wagner. But our old gentleman is past salvation; and the young ones, who are offended at Beethoven's "vulgarity," are not to be converted by an effusion of superlatives.

Unfortunately Mr. Evans has not been able to overcome the difficulty, which we have stated, of separating heart from liver in such a way that the reader is convinced. To take the case of the first movement of the Fifth Symphony—which we select on account of its general popularity—Mr. Evans is confronted with the problem of assigning to their proper place the four minims for the horn, which precede the entry of the second subject. Do they belong to the subject, which they obviously evoke? Or are they a development of the first phrase of the work, which he calls the "signal"? Personally, one inclines to the latter interpretation. Mr. Evans is inconsistent about it, as in one place he calls these notes part of the "signal," and in another, when they are developed in the dialogue between wind and strings, he attributes them to the second subject. That they do, in a manner of speaking, belong to both is no excuse for the inconsistency, but merely an example of the difficulties of his task. Again, his "rhythmical table" of this movement takes no account of the distinct three-bar rhythm, which occurs during the sequence to the second subject, and which is its most distinctive feature. But these are, perhaps, arguable points. A comparison of the table with the score of this movement, however, discloses so many mistakes in the mere matter of counting bars, that, if it may be taken as a sample of the book's accuracy as a whole, its value is seriously impaired.

#### THE BOHR THEORY OF ATOMS

*The Atom and the Bohr Theory of Its Structure.*

By H. A. Kramers and Helge Horst. Gyldendal.

10s. 6d. net.

WHEN Gifford was discussing Dr. Johnson one day with that antiquated mythologist Jacob Bryant, he ventured to say that Johnson himself had admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar. "Sir," replied Bryant with an impressive air, "it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar." We cannot help being reminded of this story when we read in Sir Ernest Rutherford's foreword to this account of the Bohr theory that it is "written in simple language." It is not easy for us to say what our great English physicist—if we may call him so with deference to his Antipodean origin—would call difficult language; but we can guess that it would

be so highly mathematical as to be almost unfit for publication. It would hardly be true to say that this book is easy reading for anyone who has not a fair general acquaintance with at least the elements of atomic physics; but it is open to doubt whether such a highly esoteric and technical matter as the Bohr theory could be more simply explained with any advantage. For readers with some fundamental grounding in the fascinating mysteries of recent atomic research this volume may be admitted to present, as Sir Ernest Rutherford claims, "a clearly written and accurate account of the development of our ideas on atomic structure." The first three chapters give a general description of the present state of our knowledge of the inner structure of the atom, and the methods by which this knowledge has been attained in the course of the century which has elapsed since Dalton enunciated his atomic theory—an epoch-making piece of work, even though it has had to be seriously modified in the light of later research. This leads up to Rutherford's great discovery of the positive atomic nucleus in 1911, which is fully described in the fourth chapter. His theory was that nearly all the mass of the atom was concentrated into a positively charged nucleus, round which a number of electrons, or charges of negative electricity, must be assumed to rotate, like a very miniature solar system.

The rest of the book describes the researches by which, since 1913, the distinguished Danish physicist, Professor Niels Bohr, has been able to obtain a favourable consideration for a different hypothesis from that of Rutherford as to the intimate structure of the atom. Rutherford's provisional atomic model, based, as it was, on experimental work equally ingenious and irrefragable, was at variance in certain respects with what our authors call the classical electro-dynamics, nor was it able to account for the number and distribution of the lines in the spectrum by which every atom, when properly handled, announces its presence in the laboratory or the star. Plack's theory of "quanta," or indivisible units of energy, set forth to the world in 1900, was equally out of accord with the older postulates of electro-dynamics. Bohr set to work on the simplest of all atoms—that of hydrogen, which is believed with good reason to consist in its neutral state of a nucleus with only one electron revolving round it. It is further thought that the atoms of all substances yet known are essentially differentiated by a steady increase in the number of electrons thus revolving round the central nucleus, up to 92 in the case of uranium, which at present holds the highest place in the periodic table of the elements. It is hardly possible to give any intelligible brief account of the points in which the Bohr atomic model differs from that of Rutherford. Even the learned authors of this book have scarcely made it so clear to the general reader as could be wished, but those who are prepared to tackle the subject in good earnest will find that these pages will repay the close attention which must be given to their reading, always provided that the reader has a fairly good preliminary knowledge of physics. The translation is well done, but there are one or two annoying misprints, the worst of which is the omission of three zeros from the figures given for the speed of light on page 41.

#### THE ROMANCE OF THE COLORADO

*The Colorado River.* By Lewis R. Freeman. Heinemann. 25s. net.

THE romance of the Colorado River has been told very thoroughly by Mr. Dellenbaugh, but it is so adventurous a tale of difficult exploration that few readers will be reluctant to have their attention called to it again. Mr. Freeman has himself enough first-hand knowledge of the rapids of the Colorado to give colour and picturesque detail to the summary of the various explorers' narratives which occupies the greater

part of this very readable volume. He is, as he says himself, a genuine "river-rat," and knows what being upset means. It is nearly four centuries since the Colorado was first seen by white men—the handful of *conquistadores* who mistakenly thought that that way lay an easy access to the golden realms of El Dorado—and yet it was only last year that the last touch was put to the work of exploration by the completion of the survey of the gorge of the Grand Canyon.

Mr. Freeman's book gains greatly in vividness by the inclusion of a large number of most excellent photographs of the wonderful scenery which the impetuous river has carved out in its age-long and unwearied dash from the highest peaks of Colorado to the Californian Gulf. These photographs—many of which must have presented no mean problem of adventure in the taking—are admirably selected and well reproduced. For the presentation of a scene of wildness and singular desolation, yet with a grim beauty of its own, they would be hard to beat. One of Mr. Freeman's most entertaining chapters deals with the narrow shaves and hairbreadth escapes of a couple of cinematograph operators, who essayed to get the wildest gorges of the Colorado on to "the movies." The final chapters of Mr. Freeman's book describe the work now in hand for the taming of the *Colorado toro*—the Red Bull, as the river was called by some who knew it best—by a wonderful system of dams and sluices, which is already opening up a great deal of very unlikely country for agricultural purposes. He has studied this question carefully, both in engineering reports and on the spot, and these chapters are a fine testimony to the boldness and resourcefulness of the riverine engineers who are engaged in tackling this immense and almost unique problem.

#### TUSITALA

*The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Tusitala Edition. Heinemann, in association with Chatto and Windus, Cassell, and Longmans. 2s. 6d. net per volume.

THE appearance of a new edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson is an interesting event; and the publication before us, of which we have received the first ten volumes out of a total of 35, combines the qualities of cheapness and excellence in a surprising degree. The particular merit of this edition, apart from its clear type and compact form, lies in the brief introductions contributed by Mr. Lloyd Osborne. They have been written apparently with the idea of supplementing the biographical introductions contributed by Mrs. Stevenson to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Library Edition; and as the publishers of the Tusitala Edition have been fortunate enough to arrange for the inclusion of Mrs. Stevenson's introductions, which have not hitherto appeared in any popular edition in this country, the result is to all intents a new and very complete biography of Stevenson's working life. Those chapters which we have so far examined add a very great interest to Stevenson's own writings, because each one is concerned with the period during which the volume to which it is a preface was being written, and tell the reader just the things he desires to know about its origin and the circumstances of its author when he was writing it. We must suppose the popularity of Stevenson to have reached a point when everything that he ever wrote is of interest to enthusiasts, otherwise we should have questioned the desirability of reprinting the compositions of his childhood entitled 'History of Moses' and 'The Book of Joseph,' in which it may be said that the juvenile author showed singularly little promise of the genius which was to develop in him. But it would be a poor criticism of an edition of complete works to say that it is too complete, and we congratulate the publishers and the editor on the production of a set of volumes which is in every way worthy of their delightful contents.



## New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

*Cross Lights.* By Bernard Gilbert. Palmer.  
7s. 6d. net.

*England.* By B. M. G.-Adams. Shakespeare and Co., Paris; Jackson, Took's Court, London.

MR. GILBERT'S position is Gilbertian. He has a talent, and seeks to display it by burying it in a cabbage-patch. His claim to our attention is that he can tell a tale: he tries to base it on the fact that England is divided into counties. He has planned twelve separate volumes, of which 'Cross Lights' is the fifth; they are all to be published together, finally, under the too comprehensive title of 'Old England' (it ought to be 'One Corner of Old England'); the twelfth is to consist merely of 'Index: Maps: Directory.' The first part, which took for itself the general title, embodied a good idea. Mr. Gilbert, instead of illuminating his characters by the usual method—that is, showing acts and changes in time—transfixed an entire village community at a given moment, and showed the interplay of knowledge, suspicion and judgment. What he does not appear to have realized is that the unity was in the method of treating the locality, not in the locality treated. When the method is abandoned, the unity is fled. You cannot make 'Othello' and 'The Merchant of Venice' into coherent portions of a majestic whole by painting one back-cloth behind the Merchant and the Moor, nor could you, even if the Venetian sails had never set for Cyprus. The third volume of the series, 'Tyler of Barnet,' was an exceedingly conventional novel, not without force and merit, but quite unable to sustain any pretence of originality in kind. The fifth volume, now under review, begins as a collection of short stories, and wanders off into a rubbish-heap. Some of the stories are admirable: they show a clearer vision and a firmer touch than anything in the novel; but there is no bond of unity between them and the odds-and-ends of worthless verse which are thrown in towards the close as examples of outpourings by residents in Mr. Gilbert's chosen area. If these had been left out, and the stories presented merely as stories, one would have been able to welcome the collection more whole-heartedly.

There would still have remained, however, two or three causes of regret. One is a technical matter, of interest because it concerns more authors than one, and illustrates a contemporary heresy about the very nature of art. Several times Mr. Gilbert seeks to show us the hurry and jumble of human thought by the childish device of omitting the punctuation—as thus:

Wish could begin over again would have it all over and over and over and then some Can't remember being little boy except Methodist chapel with mother or she cried knickers curls sweets then barmaid at eleven eyeopener that always wondering what things meant First coconut-shy then peepshow swing-boats boxing-booth that's all gone more's the pity Fighting Tomlinson was King sorry dead then mother's three hundred quid just right and never looked back since except that fire and the other trouble nearly coshed me Life goes quick when you look back a lot's happened flash gone same when I'm old I daresay Look at old Sharp had a rare run nearly hundred. . .

And so on. Whether Mr. Gilbert copied this trick from Mr. James Joyce, or thought of it for himself, is immaterial. It may seem in itself so ridiculous as not to deserve examination; but it is a trick that is gaining ground, and that not entirely among the brainless. Mr. Joyce is not brainless, nor is Mr. Gilbert. The first thing that strikes one about the specimen I have quoted is that it attempts the impossible; the second, that the attempt is a timid one. It is half-hearted

rather than half-witted. The impossibility Mr. Gilbert admits, but apparently without realizing what it is. The thoughts, he says, "are visible in an unending ribbon"; but, of course, he fails to find or make them visible. He adds:

It is impossible to read them as quickly as they originated. . . . but they should be read at topmost speed, and the words must be pronounced by the lips.

This is asking a lot. And there is no reason why we should give it. A pianist's business is to interpret music; he must not expect his audience to whistle an *obbligato*. But, waiving the point, we still find the speed and confusion of actual thought not even faintly represented. And why, anyway, not go further? If no full stops, why capital letters? The capitals are used solely to mark fresh departures of thought: they would do so much better if they had the harmless necessary dots before them. Mr. Joyce is more thorough-going: he rushes through half-words into utterly meaningless ejaculations: it is the nemesis of the new art that, if you are going to make it convey anything, you must make it convey nothing. But to return to Mr. Gilbert—such a phrase as "eye-opener that" is, in thought, a parenthesis. To omit in writing the signs which indicate parenthesis is not to get nearer to the facts, but to leave them further behind. That, however, is an incidental error. The important thing is this—that Mr. Gilbert and his like make precisely the same mistake as the artist who adorns his painted portrait with real human hair. Their realism forsakes and denies reality. It is not art's function to transfer the mere actual thing; if such *were* its function, it would be defeated from the start, for it would always be inferior in actuality to the thing it sought to transfer, and we should have no need of it, and no use for it. Its function is to re-create, to give us something interpreted through the medium, the convention, of something different. Mr. Gilbert will find it all quite simply and clearly explained in Plato; but the world is so modern, it forgets what it always knew.

Secondly, there is Mr. Gilbert's preoccupation with the abnormal. Of course, in a sense, abnormality is the only normality; just as no man is of exactly average height, so no man is, nervously, morally, spiritually, quite without the slightest list away from the norm. But, all the same, most men approximate in height to the average; we do not want to read about nothing but giants or dwarfs; and the stress which Mr. Gilbert throws on sexual oddity seems to me a little out of proportion. That such oddity should be recognized, that it should be dealt with, is right and necessary; "my dear, these things are life"; but they are not the whole of life.

Thirdly and lastly—has not the time gone by for cheap and obvious cynicism about the people who regarded the war as a mere means of making money or cultivating flirtations? There were such people. There have been plenty of them in every time of war. But the point has been laboured in innumerable satires, and Mr. Gilbert has nothing to add to them. However, he has given us a vigorous and remarkable book.

Mr. (or Miss) G.-Adams has collected four sketches into a volume of some 30 pages, excellently printed on excellent paper, and issued in a tiny limited edition. I find no indication of the price. He (or she) treats of such matters as the social side of funerals and the selfishness and faddiness of retired colonels. Why do the moderns always satirize colonels? With the Victorians, it was majors. Yet colonels and majors are, and presumably always were, much like other people. We have here the same limitation as in Mr. Gilbert—an insistence on neurosis and on war-time failings. These make things too easy for the method; but the method itself is a promising one, of detachment and restraint. One may hope that the author's next work will attain a larger edition, and not be bound in the sort of paper which our grandmothers used to keep for the landings.

## Acrostics

### PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

#### RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Mills and Boon
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Collins	Hurst & Blackett	Routledge
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Fisher Unwin	Jarrod	Selwyn Blount
Foulis	John Lane, The Bodley Head	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Gyldendal	Melrose	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

2.—The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3.—Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9, King Street, London, W.C. 2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 98.

A SOVEREIGN PONTIFF—ANY ONE OF EIGHT.

A POET—WORKS NOT READ SO MUCH OF LATE?

1. Dogs, cats, e'en alligators dread my claws.
2. Great was my fall—and this the paltry cause!
3. Acts without words, yes, that's the very thing.
4. Occurs each year in autumn and in spring.
5. Ill-smelling gum—a remedy for spasm.
6. An architect whose building is a chasm?
7. By poets used where we should say "old age."
8. How did her peevish humour vex the sage!
9. Bid but his price, and you may get the lot.
10. Reverse me: I'm own brother to the pot.
11. Cut him in half! Four score and five he slew.
12. Lop at both ends a valley fair to view.
13. Wretch! from your monarch's trunk his head to hew.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 96.

LIKE A COLOSSUS TOWERING O'ER THE WORLD—

THEN FROM HIS PLACE, AS THOUGH BY LIGHTNING, HURL'D.

1. Engaged by Themis truly to decide.
2. To cawquaw's tail be now your knife applied.
3. Æneas reached this country, as was fated.
4. The cedar of Guiana, insect-hated.
5. E'en so was Samson ere Delilah gulled him.
6. Restless the babe—with this his mother lulled him.

7. Mars and Bellona bring it in their train.
8. Too often practised through base greed of gain.
9. Small beast, promoted to what pride of place!
10. Shelter no more our woods his shaggy race.
11. Changed to a stream, she sank into the ground.
12. On breakfast tables very often found.

#### Solution of Acrostic No. 96.

J	uro	R	
U	rs	On	'The Cawquaw, or Canadian porcupine, lives
L	atiu	M	on bark, which it strips from the branches,
I	cic	A	beginning at the top of the tree, and eating its
U	nshave	N	way regularly down.
S	on	G	'The cedar-wood of Guiana, esteemed for book-
C	arnag	E	cases, its odour preserving the books from
A	dulteratio	N	insects.
E	rmin	E	
S	aty	R	
A	rethusa	A	
R	ol	L	

ACROSTIC No. 96.—The winner is Lady Scott Lang, Mansefield, St. Andrews, Fife, who is requested to select a book published by a firm named in our list. (Forty-nine solvers named 'Fields of Adventure,' 11 'The Man about Town,' 11 'Political Portraits,' etc.)

Correct solutions were also received from Puss, Hon. Mrs. Reginald Talbot, Baitho, Merton, Carlton, Old Mancunian, and N. I. G.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: C. J. Warden, C. E. C., Mrs. J. Butler, R. H. Keate, K. Jones, E. D. L. Saunders, J. Chambers, A. M. W. Maxwell, Martha, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Gunton, Oakapple, Tyro, C. A. S., B. Brewster, M. Story, East Sheen, M. Riddell, B. Alder, F. I. Morcom, Malvolio, Lilian, Boskeris, H. M. Vaughan, Dolmar, and Lethendy.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Hanworth, R. Ransom, S. J. D., Varach, Miss Rosa C. Burley, Diamond, Mrs. W. H. Myers, C. H. Burton, N. Barron, Quis, G. T., Major W. G. Phillimore, Twyford, Mrs. Edward Bensly, Met, A. de V. Blathwayt, N. O. Sellam, St. Ives, Madge, Tallow, Stellenbosch, R. C. Hart Davis, Gay, Mrs. Oswald Haggie, Iago, Doric, and Miss Rhoda Power. All others more.

For Light 5 Unshorn is accepted, and for Light 6 Singing.

OAKAPPLE.—Aceldama is "used figuratively of any place stained with slaughter." Arena was accepted. You are right in preferring Juror to Jupiter and Satyr to Sanglier.

J. LENNIE.—The Romans, like the rest of us, had a *crystalline lens* in each eye. There is grace of form (or *beauty*) as well as inward and spiritual grace. The first Roman emperor was Augustus, not Julius Caesar. (Other solvers who made the second upright "Roman Emperor" will please note this.)

QUIS.—In Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' V. 10, she exclaims "*in laticem mutor*," "I am changed into water." In Captain Brydone's entertaining travels we read that the fountain of Arethusa "rises at once out of the earth to the size of a river," therefore it, of course, forms a *stream*.

LILIAN AND GUNTON.—Acknowledged last week.

Acrostic No. 94, two lights wrong: C. A. S.

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## Round the Library Table

A MISCELLANY

TRAVELLERS' tales are proverbially untrustworthy: the suspicion may be unfounded and even unworthy, in many cases, but there it is, and there is no getting away from it. I am reminded of this by two books on my table dealing with travellers' tales, one of them a study of the oldest of them all, the other a collection of short pieces by one of the latest. Sir Richard Burton, who was always Captain Burton to everyone who knew him, and to most of the people of his time who knew of him, had the luck to live when there were still large blank spaces on the map, and the spirit to go into them "for to admire and for to see." But when he came back and told people what he had done and what he had seen, he was received by a large section of the educated public with marked incredulity. I remember once confirming an opinion of my own in conversation with an eminent Victorian by quoting Burton. "Did Burton say that?" was the answer; "then be sure it was a lie." I am not justifying this prejudice: I believe it was unjust and unfounded, but it existed.

\* \* \*

Mr. N. M. Penzer, who published some time ago an annotated bibliography of Burton's writings, has now got together some 'Selected Papers on Anthropology, Travel and Exploration by Sir Richard Burton' (Philpot, 15s. net). They are, on the whole, a very good presentation of a number of the less-known sides of his career. What everyone wanted to know when Burton came back from Mecca and published his book was—how and where had he served the apprenticeship which enabled him to live as an Oriental among Orientals without detection? He had not the advantage of belonging to an Anglo-Indian family, or of having been brought up by a native nurse, and the difficulty of assuming such a diverse way of thought and living seemed insuperable. The first paper in this volume answers the question. While he was detached on the Sind Survey he lived a double life: the English surveyor was busied in his tent while Mirza Abdullah of Bushire was off on many a short trip, selling gawds to the women and joining in the interminable discussions of the men. If something of this kind had been incorporated in the first chapters of the Pilgrimage it would have saved Burton much trouble.

\* \* \*

I imagine the real difference between Doughty and Burton was that Burton strove to reduce avoidable dangers to a minimum, while Doughty preferred to ignore them altogether. With all his courage, and because of his courage, Burton was not anxious to run unnecessary risks. Doughty's visit showed that a visit to Mecca by an unbeliever did not necessarily mean his death, but if he had happened to run into a crowd of ignorant fanatics who had already been worked up to boiling point, he might very easily have been torn to pieces; it only needed the first blow. And with an ignorant crowd this may happen at any time. I have heard people speak highly of Doughty's courage and disparagingly of Burton's; from any civilized point of view Burton's action is one which it is possible to imitate, Doughty's is only possible to one whose life is of no value to himself or others in comparison with the fulfilment of his purpose. I do not undervalue him, but I would not imitate him if I could.

\* \* \*

The reputation of Herodotus, the Father of History, has suffered many changes in public estimation up to

the time of "that elegant but somewhat dilettante schoolmaster, Vicesimus Knox, who . . . rudely called Herodotus the Father of Lies." Everyone is agreed on his merits as a writer, and there is a general consensus of belief in the accuracy of the statements he makes on his own authority, and of his judgment as a historian. The Warden of Wadham, Mr. Joseph Wells, has just celebrated his inauguration by publishing 'Studies in Herodotus' (Oxford: Blackwell, 7s. 6d. net), in which he defends in some cases the traditional views of his author against modern destructive criticism, in others he offers new solutions for old problems. Mr. Wells's joint edition of Herodotus (with Mr. How) is a standard book, and no one is better fitted to speak with authority than he.

\* \* \*

I suppose no story in Herodotus, and he is full of good stories, is more often repeated than that of Candaules and Gyges. As Mr. Wells points out, there are three different stories of Gyges, that of Plato, which introduces the ring of invisibility, being almost as popular. But no one has seriously asked the question, who was Gyges? Mr. Wells does, and answers it, bringing in the prophet Ezekiel and Gog—not Magog. It is very neatly done, and great fun. Gyges was one of the northern invaders enlisted in the bodyguard of the King, like the Varangs at Micklegarth, and like them, if we may believe northern tales, found favour in the eyes of ladies of high rank. I see matriarchy is also brought into the story, and best of all, there are one or two scraps of evidence which make the theory almost possible.

\* \* \*

The last essay deals with 'Herodotus in English Literature.' With the best intentions in the world to see his influence where it exists, it must be said that it is not very direct. It is strongest at the time when our literature was "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," like the *Pall Mall Gazette*—say, from the middle of the seventeenth century to that of the eighteenth, roughly. Herodotus had not the good fortune to meet with a great translator in the early years. If Amyot had done him into French, and North thence into English, like Plutarch, Herodotus would have been better known. As it is, there is only one Tudor version of the first two books, which attained little success. He has only been a favourite with those who could read him with their feet up on the hob, if such a custom still persists.

\* \* \*

"Where and what is the University of London?" is a question which has been answered by Mr. S. G. Wilson, in 'The University of London and Its Colleges' (Clive, 7s. 6d. net). He has had the luck to draw an introduction from Sir S. Russell-Wells, telling at length the history of the foundation and successive transformations of London University, his own contribution being mainly editorial. Nearly two-score teaching colleges are schools of the university, and some of them more than rival in antiquity the oldest foundations of Oxford or Cambridge—bringing to the university their prestige, and taking from it the prestige of its degrees.

\* \* \*

A correspondent is righteously angry with me for a fault in a last week's Note—a wrong tense in a subordinate clause. I make no excuse—I have not even Dr. Johnson's—for an unseemly oversight in a

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## Stock Market Letter

### Stock Exchange, Thursday Morning

French exchange is running home politics very close for first position on the Stock Exchange rails. The franc this week very nearly touched 100 to the pound sterling. French Government bonds slumped in ugly fashion. On the day after exchange rallied to 92.20. Swift rally in prices ensued. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the fact remains that there is an enormous bear account in francs. For months past it has looked such a safe investment to be short of francs that the temptation to sell a bear proved irresistible on this, as well as on the French, side of the Channel. But at last the French Government has opened its eyes, after wilfully closing them for too long against the invincible logic of economic forces. Thoroughly alarmed by the *débâcle* of national credit, the French Government is tardily announcing fresh proposals for taxation. Scepticism may sneer that it is one thing to impose taxes, but quite another to collect them. Nevertheless, it is only through this humdrum, unpopular direction of taxation that salvation of French national credit can be achieved. British investors hold millions upon millions of French Government issues, mostly at high prices. Eager interest waits upon the newly-found determination of the French Government to tread the hard and stony road of sound finance.

\* \* \*

Considering that the outlook for Home Railway dividends is not at all bad, it is unfortunate that the threatened railway strike, coming on the heels of the Labour success at the polls, should have intervened to stop that improvement in prices with which the beginning of the year is generally associated. Interest in the announcements has been overshadowed by more present factors, but it should not be forgotten that the deferred stocks of the Southern Railway, and of the North-Eastern Railway, carry the full twelve months' dividend, whatever may be declared, in their present prices, and this consideration, taken by itself, would stimulate the prices of the stocks. As things are, however, men are rather afraid that the railway directors will move cautiously in the matter of dividend-declarations, for there is nothing in the political situation that would lead them to feel that a little elasticity in the way of distribution could be safely indulged at the present time.

\* \* \*

No anxiety need be felt in regard to the fall which has taken place this week in the prices of English banking shares. From the point of view of security, there are no sounder institutions in the world than these banks. The amalgamation policy, which resulted in the formation of what the City calls the Big Five has raised the status of the banks to a level previously impossible of attainment. Whatever criticisms of this policy may be urged by the banks' customers, by proprietors in these Big Five the present position of their undertakings may be justifiably deemed unique. But the shares are a dull market, and the reason is simply that people are fearful of buying interests in a monied industry what time a Labour Government is threatened.

\* \* \*

Barclay's Bank "A" and "B" shares are both fully paid. So are the 30s. shares of the Midland Bank, the five founders of the National Provincial, and the £1 shares in the Westminster. There is a liability on the others. This renders the latter unsuitable for the widow, the orphan, and investors who should not afford to take even the outside risk that there is of calls being made upon their investments. National

Provincial £20 shares, with £4 paid, stand at a price which gives over 6 per cent. on his money to the buyer. Lloyds, with a £4 liability, yield 5½ per cent.; Westminster £20 shares, with £5 paid, return nearly 6 per cent., and the fully paid Midlands afford a shade under 5 per cent. Barclays "A" pay 5½, and the "B" shares 5¼ per cent. on money invested in them at the current prices.

\* \* \*

Barclays Bank, in its monthly Review just published, admits that, although the Board of Trade returns for November show comparatively little indication of definite progress in trading conditions, yet they are not without satisfactory features. The Midland Bank, in its similar publication—both of the Reviews appear this week—points out that for some little time there have been indications that the depression in trade has passed its lowest point, and that symptoms of improvement have been visible. These signs are now becoming more distinct, and the Midland Bank proceeds to quote instances of the manner in which trade in various directions is advancing. The same story is taken up, and repeated, by dividend announcements and reports just lately received from some of the more important shipping companies, whose figures justify the feeling that trade is expanding. Moreover, new ships are being built at a more courageous rate than has been the case for some time past. On the other hand, a private letter from one of the big shipping companies hints that a substantial improvement in shipping cannot be expected until the end of this year.

\* \* \*

Looking all round at the question of trade conditions, it is obvious to the candid inquirer that, without allowing himself to be prejudiced at all, he can arrive at the conclusion that business is indeed better, in spite of all the political turbulence and the chaotic condition of foreign exchange. This is not written with any intention of buoying optimism, nor of inducing artificial cheerfulness. As there was no attempt here at concealment of depressing factors while trade wallowed in the slough of despond, so shall there be no effort made to disguise the brighter prospect which undoubtedly opens at the present time. It will be a slow affair, this convalescence of trade and recuperation of industry, but strength is returning by degrees to the patient, and there are many indications which point the logical conclusion that business throughout the country has taken a marked turn for the better.

\* \* \*

There is a very old Stock Exchange saying which lays down the law that, as a bull, a man wants many other men to be of the same mind if he is to make money, but that, as a bear, a speculator must be alone. Like most aphorisms, this rule holds good only in certain cases; clearly it cannot be relied upon as infallible. Broadly speaking, however, it has a good deal to be said for it in the light of experience, and, also, of sound sense. There is an element of whimsical paradox in advising the man in a stale bull position that he should grin and bear it.

JANUS

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